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With Our Fighters *in the* Philippines

By Senator ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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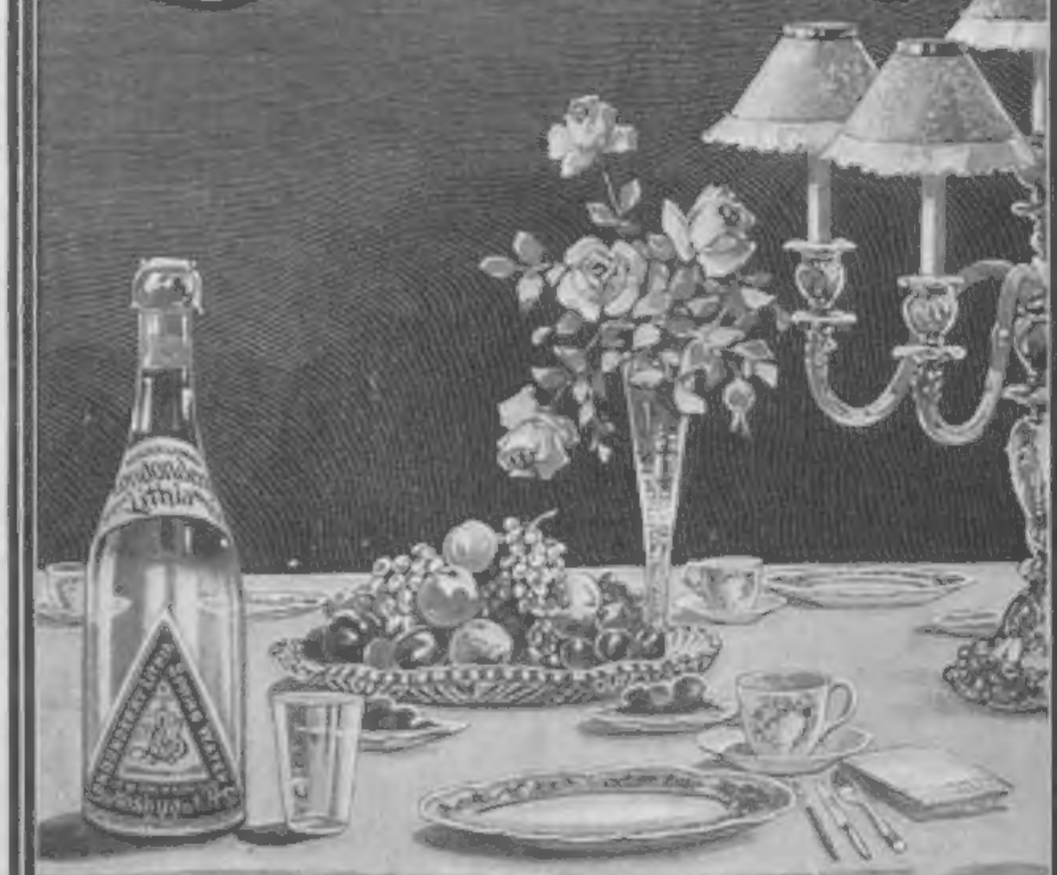

IS FOUND ON EVERY WELL APPOINTED TABLE

Sapolio

"A sailor's wife, a sailor's joy should be,"
Yo-ho, Yo-ho!
But when he does the work at sea
His aid, like hers, is sure to be

CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES **Sap-o, li-o!**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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With Our Fighters in the Philippines

By Albert J. Beveridge

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THE system and order of our operations in Manila and throughout the Philippines is manifest the very first step you take. The city of Manila and, indeed, our lines everywhere, are carefully sentineled, and the sentries are vigilant and strict. General Otis gave me a pass within and through our lines, and the privilege of carrying arms; but I lost it in one of my rides into the interior. He then issued the following:

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY GOVERNOR IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, P. I., May 13, 1899.

PASS:

TO ALL GUARDS AND PATROLS:

The bearer, U. S. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, and party, have permission to pass at their pleasure within and through the lines of the United States forces, and to carry arms.

By Command of MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS:

C. H. MURRAY,
Major and Inspector-General, U. S. V.,
Secretary.

This enabled me to take a great number of side excursions without a waste of time, and afforded opportunities for a study of our soldiers, and, what was more important, of the common people, as valuable as it was rare.

The whole atmosphere of our army is a good-humored but fervent desire not only for action, but for danger. The man, the company or the regiment who has not been under fire is pitied and commiserated by those who have had that good fortune. A song has grown up, as songs do grow up among soldiers and among the people, which illustrates this pity, bordering on contempt, felt by the men who have been under fire for those who have not had what they consider such excellent luck. It is sung to the tune of The Streets of Cairo, and a single verse will illustrate it:

"He never smelled the smokeless powder,
Never heard the Mauser bullet sing;
He never slept behind the trenches,
Poor little 'rooky' thing."

I have heard not only the privates, but even the officers, sing this song.

A SOCIETY MAN WHO FIGHTS FOR LOVE OF IT

It may be thought that I am unduly emphasizing the militant quality of our men. Instead of that I have not been able to express an adequate idea of the intensity of that spirit. The following illustration may be supported by many others like it; and they all show that the militant spirit is common not only to all of our soldiers, but to all young Americans to-day. Whether he wears the uniform or not, the American is a soldier by instinct.

The second time I was at our extreme front in Luzon I met a young man who is of one of the first families of the South. He is wealthy, highly accomplished, and is what is known as "a society man." All that is charming or delightful in American life is his. You would not imagine that this low-spoken, rich-voiced, quiet-mannered gentleman, with all the characteristics of the ultra-fashionable American "swell," could be induced to fight in any manner, and much less to fight in the deadly contest of arms. Yet he had left all the allurements with which life and fortune and his own talents had surrounded him and enlisted as a private soldier in Cuba. There he had risen, by cool gallantry, to the position of a commissioned officer. He had won his promotion absolutely without influence and solely by his courage and soldierly qualities.

He had been in every fight up to the capitulation of Santiago. The fever had seized him and his health had been impaired. One might have imagined that his desire for army experience would have been satiated; but instead of satisfying the thirst for war, the hardships and dangers of the Cuban campaign only put a keener edge on it. So he traveled half way around the world, and here I found him in the interior of Luzon, not a member of the army, but, nevertheless, wearing a khaki uniform and seeking further opportunities to fight. Nor would he wait until the regular engagements came on. I saw him up at five o'clock in the morning, mounting his horse with a small scouting party, going on one of those desperate reconnaissances which, to the mere observer, look like expeditions to certain death. On one occasion he and two companions charged a group of sixty Filipino soldiers, and he himself captured four of them. I saw him the evening of the day on which the exploit was performed. He had already forgotten it and was "nosing around" for some further adventure.

THE SPLENDID DARING OF THE AMERICAN SCOUTS

These reconnaissances are made every day. We never hear of them back here at home; but a few perfectly fearless men are in the saddle constantly and ride, with an apparent disregard of all danger, far beyond our lines into those of the enemy. These men carry their lives in their hands every moment. Sometimes they are ambushed; sometimes they find themselves almost surrounded; sometimes they come

suddenly upon a large force of hundreds of the enemy, and very frequently, indeed, they boldly, and to a mere observer, apparently madly, charge a whole division. A book as fascinating as Froissart's Chronicles could be written describing nothing but the desperate adventures of the scouting parties of American soldiers in the Philippines. It is not a reckless exposure of life, however. It is a necessary thing. If the English in South Africa had availed themselves of the scouting system and the scouts we employ in the Philippines, the dispatches would not have been so full of British reverse and repulse.

HOW THE BLUE-EYED DOCTOR SPENT HIS HOLIDAY

These expeditions are led by officers, sometimes very young men, and sometimes men well past middle life. But always there is the same absolute fearlessness, the same dash, the same exhaustless endurance, the same vigilance, the same almost abnormal alertness. Indeed, if there is a characteristic which might be considered next to that of courage among our soldiers in the Philippines, it is that of alertness. It is as though every pore were an eye and every drop of blood a separate intelligence.

The incident of the Southern society man may be thought an exception. No; it is not. His was not the case of one who had grown so blasé that for the sake of experiencing a new sensation he was willing to risk his life. It was merely satisfying an inherent and what would appear to be a common craving for combat which distinguishes all young Americans whom I met in the Philippines and the far East, whether they were soldiers or civilians. How common this quality is an incident will show:

A party of young physicians went from Johns Hopkins University, as a commission to study Oriental diseases and especially those of the Philippine Islands. I became well acquainted with this company of soldiers of science. None of them was over thirty-five. One now occupies the chair of pathology in one of the greatest of American universities. Another is at present professor of nervous diseases in another university of equal eminence; and so on. The youngest member of this party was a small, pale-faced, blue-eyed, yellow-haired fellow, whom you might take for a Sunday-school teacher, but never for the steel-nerved fighter that he really was, and is. The day of the advance in the Antipolo campaign he and three of his companions went out to where General Lawton was observing and directing the movement. They had no business there. They were

SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE AT HIS DESK

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scientists, and their place was not on the firing line; but they had been working night and day—sometimes all night, too—investigating diseases in Manila, and they had a right to take a day or two off if they wanted it. But the firing line was a singular place for scientists, was it not? They were perfectly satisfied until the artillery began to boom and the steamlike puffs of smoke rose from the guns. Then the little Sunday-school-teacher-looking doctor became very nervous. Soon a village burst into flame, and it looked as though serious fighting might occur. He could restrain himself no longer. He asked me to get permission from General Lawton for him to join the soldiers making the advance. I asked General Lawton, and the latter, in his characteristic way, with a twinkle in his eye (for how he loved a fighter!), said:

"I will give him no permission, but there's the road, and there's the soldiers, and you say he has a horse. Well, I don't see anybody holding him. I reckon the horse ain't lame, is it?"

That was enough. I wrote a note, introducing him to Colonel McCoy, of the First Colorado, and away he rode at a mad gallop to join that regiment and become a part of the common fighting soldiery in that campaign. He reminded me for all the world of a schoolboy out for a picnic. The next day we met the column which he had joined, in another portion of the country. It was very hot; the men had been constantly moving; there had been little or no real work, although the fighting had been brisk enough to keep up interest. At the head, by Colonel McCoy's side, rode the doctor, happy as a girl at Easter, and looking very much like one in face and eye. I learned from his temporary comrades that, during the time he was with them, he had, with foolhardy daring, rushed into every point of danger, or rather that promised danger, that he could find or imagine. Not belonging to the regiment, he was under nobody's command, and could seek an opportunity to get killed when, where and how he pleased. It was only fun, only sport, only relaxation, only a vacation to this young scientist, who, if you were to meet him in your home, you would believe to be the most peace-loving of men.

AMERICA A MILITANT, NOT A MILITARY NATION

And yet it is sometimes said that we are a people of peace; that we are distinctly non-military and non-militant. This is true in its highest sense. We *are* a people of peace; but we are a people of peace in the only way in which a people is ever able to preserve its peace, aye, and its liberties too, and that is by being a people of war, if need be.

As a matter of fact we are by far the most militant nation on earth; not the most military, but the most militant. It could not be otherwise. Courage, daring, willingness to fight and die, is one of the great attributes of liberty, its highest attribute, perhaps. That is how we came to have liberty. And now that we have it, it would be a sorry circumstance if the great quality which procured it should become atrophied.

We come of a fighting race. It would be as fell a development for our future, as it would be a remarkable incident in history, if the fighting qualities of our race should die out of us. And so the military instinct, the emphasis of which in our soldiers in the Philippines I have recorded, is not at all extraordinary. Its absence, or a less degree of it, would have been the really remarkable thing—and as melancholy as remarkable. How could our soldiers be less than what they are? Consider not only the characteristics of our race, but think of our history. Every step of our national progress has been made at the expense of the blood of our bravest and best. Through resistance to tyrants and tyranny; through the overthrow of undesirable institutions grown up among ourselves; against the resistance of Nature itself—over mountains, through wildernesses, across deserts, our fathers have *fought* their way, fought always, and fought ceaselessly.

There is hardly a young man in America who cannot justly boast a soldier of glorious service to his country within two generations. And so the American soldiers in the Philippines to-day are merely the old heroes of Lexington and Valley Forge, of Saratoga and New Orleans, of Buena Vista and Monterey, of our Indian wars, of Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge, and all those other fields of glory and of death, risen again from their sepulchres of fame and fighting once more at the old bugle's call, charging once more with the old resistless spirit which never yet has known defeat, and never will!

PHOTO BY AN OFFICER OF THE PRINCETON

SENATOR BEVERIDGE AND OFFICERS OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT PRINCETON. ILOILO HARBOR, MAY, 1899

Yes, it is the old soldiers once again, of South and North, and East and West, tenting again on the old camp ground, albeit their bivouac now is far advanced, yes, even half way around the world, and over it shine the tropic stars.

THE YOUNG KANSAS BOY'S TIMELY WARNING

The qualities of bravery, generosity, unselfishness, which are distinctively characteristic of American manhood, are reproduced in italics in the American soldier in the Philippines. At least this was true of those whom I met.

It was natural that the war should catch, on its first high tide, specimens of our best spirit and most fervent disposition. On one occasion we had dismounted at one of the outposts on a road leading across an open plain, to and past the Filipino lines. Trees and undergrowth ended abruptly where our men were stationed. From there to the Filipino lines the space was absolutely free from vegetation, and quite flat. The road was a shining pathway of white. The Filipinos were visible to the naked eye, and under the glass every detail was distinct. It had not occurred to me that it was possible to shoot so far, so I unslung the glasses, and, fixing them, stood in the centre of the road some yards in the open, surveying with much pleasure the Filipino lines. Suddenly a young Kansas boy, who, with his comrades, constituted this outpost, came up to me and said:

"If you stand here long, Senator, you will get h—ll shot out of you."

I said, "Why? Can they shoot so far?"

"Yes," he replied, "and farther, too. The air was full of holes here not an hour ago."

I quickly stepped out of danger, but the generous, thoughtful young fellow, who had given the warning, remained himself standing at the point where he declared they would "shoot h—ll out of" a man. He had great thought, caution and care when it came to danger for others, but for himself none at all.

It is a beautiful trait of self-forgetfulness which is characteristic of the American soldier in the Philippines. I did not get the name of this young man, but if he was not killed in some of the subsequent fights, he is in this country now, and will perhaps remember the incident.

PHOTO BY A SOLDIER OF THE FIRST TENNESSEE

Reading from left to right the figures in the above photograph, taken at Iloilo, P. I., are: Col. Grosvenor Cockrell, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.; Hon. A. J. Beveridge; Lieut.-Col. Albert R. Bayless, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.; Major R. F. Cheatham, First Tenn. Vol. Inf.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT OF OUR FIGHTING MEN

Those who imagine that military qualities are inconsistent with religious feeling are in error. Most of the world's great soldiers have been inspired by profound religious conviction. Where the religious sentiment is not present in some form, war degenerates into mere physical struggle. The American soldier, from the beginning, has always felt that in some sense he was the soldier of the forces of light against the forces of darkness. His commanders have always called on the Almighty Father. Perhaps the deepest feeling of our nation is a religious feeling; and our national qualities are all present in our soldiers. The American soldier, therefore, like the American citizen, no matter what his surface conduct and attitude may be, has a deep religious sentiment as the basis of his character. Perhaps he does not manifest it. It may be that he would himself deny it; but you have only to put him to the touchstone of large events to see that it is there.

It is not the practice of our race, as individuals, to wear our hearts upon our sleeves, to advertise our love, to proclaim our religion to the world. These are the sacred things of life, and men of our race treasure them in silence and in secrecy. It is so with the American soldier in the Philippines. The boys may be rude, apparently; it is the rudeness of the excessive vitality of youth. They may even be profane in speech; it is only one form of the manifestation of their superabundant energy. But so far as irreverence is concerned, I think it very rare.

Most soldiers have Bibles. I would venture the belief that the immense majority of soldiers whom I met in the Philippines had a Bible, or at least a Testament. Going into a bookstore in St. Paul, to lay in a supply of books for the ocean trip, I noticed a strong, serviceable Testament, so stoutly bound that it could endure a good deal of hardship, so large in print that it was easy to read and yet so small that it could be carried in the vest or shirt pocket. I was informed that the Minnesota soldiers, as they were starting for the Philippines, had, nearly all, supplied themselves with these Testaments. It was an incident full of meaning, was it not? Here were young men going to war on the other side of the world. They were of the vital producing classes of our great Northwest. Their last act, before they left their State, was to provide themselves with that Book of Books which had been the comfort and the stay of their fathers, and of their fathers' fathers. They carried with them, in that volume, the counsels of their Christian mothers, which, after all, are, in various forms, the divine words of the Master.

GIGANTIC APPETITES THE RULE

Except when in a fight or on a flying march in pursuit of the enemy, the men are great eaters. Even then they are still great eaters, but do not get the opportunity, and do not grumble for their food as they do at other times if the meal is delayed for a moment. Here, again, they are the type of their race. They are devourers. Their hunger appears unappeasable. They will perform any service, but must have their meals, "chow" as they call it, regularly and in abundance. On shipboard, on the Fourth of July, very severe sports, requiring immense physical exertion, had been planned. They were delayed until an hour before the noon meal. The men who had entered for the contests refused to proceed until they had had their food. They ate with immense heartiness and, without giving a moment for digestion, dashed into the exhausting physical contests.

Ordinarily the food served to our soldiers is excellent. Under a bamboo tree, on the Baghag River, I ate as fine steak as will be served to you in very good American hotels. A private soldier cut it for me from a quarter of beef, and I ate what they ate. As far as the railroad communications extend, sterilized water is brought to the men daily. An incident occurred which is highly illustrative of a general belief and the actual condition. Some good fathers and mothers from one of our Northwestern States thought to send their boys some excellent food, fearing that that which they had in the Philippines was inferior. They sent them certain canned vegetables and meats. The box came and the boys opened it with gleeful anticipations. They took out precisely the same brand and quality of canned goods to which they had been accustomed day after day.

THE "THINKING BAYONETS" IN THE TRENCHES

The American soldier has been called a "thinking bayonet." That is what the American soldier in the Philippines is. The general intelligence of the faces is remarkable. I cannot speak for the regulars who are now there, but the volunteers, and the regulars, too, who were there during my stay, were distinctly intellectual in appearance and speech. A great many of them were college graduates. My recollection is that the men of one entire company were from Leland Stanford, Jr., University. A private soldier gave me a set of Napier's Peninsular War, in French, which he could read himself. There is none of the stupidity, none of the fatalistic stolidity, none of the fatness of mind which is said to characterize the Russian or the Turkish common soldier. The American soldier in the Philippines has none of the Hessian qualities. If he is engaged in a war of subjugation, as is charged, it is a thing which he has thoroughly thought out because he is capable of thinking it out, and is so active in mind that he could not help it if he wanted to.

THE FAITH OF OUR FIGHTING MEN IN OUR GLORIOUS FUTURE

Though the American soldier in the Philippines has no fatalistic stolidity, it cannot be truthfully said that he has not fatalism. It has been said that the compounding of

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Editor's Note—This is the second paper in Senator Beveridge's series written exclusively for The Saturday Evening Post. The next paper, entitled "The American Army Officer in Action," will appear in an early number.

many different races in the great crucible of the American continent has produced a new race superior to all the rest. This is the belief of the American soldier in the Philippines. As a people, he thinks the American people superior to any other nation on the globe. As a class, he thinks the American soldier superior to any other soldier on earth. To him, nothing in the world is of great importance but the American Republic. To him, that great Republic holds in its hands the future of the world. To him, his masterful race is the saving and redeeming force from which the world must draw its new youth now and in the future, as, in the past, the Old World, from age to age, has renewed its youth from the overwhelming vitality of the master race of each particular period.

The American soldier doubts not that we are chosen by an infinite wisdom for an infinite purpose. Mankind has progressed, not steadily, but by successive high tides of humanity which in one age we call the Greeks, and in another we call the Romans, and in a third we call the English. The American soldier profoundly believes that the highest, strongest, noblest tide of all is rising to-day, and that the philosophic historian of the distant future will call it the Reign of the American. This belief in the divine destiny of the American people is a faith so profound with the American soldier—as it is with the American citizen—that he is not conscious of it, just as we are not conscious of any of the elemental functions that sustain us, such as breathing or the beating of the heart, or the action of the blood in feeding the changing tissues. It is a belief so deep that trifling attention is not constantly given to it, just as our hourly attention is not given to the sacred things, such as our affections, because the little things, such as our business, intervene; although for those affections alone we would be willing to lay down our lives. So the American soldier's faith in the divine mission of America is a part of his being.

THE INSTINCT OF SOVEREIGNTY

If the Filipinos feel that our soldiers have a bearing of superiority, it is nothing more than the superiority they feel, in varying degrees, toward the entire world. Not that they have the contempt for other people that the barbarian has; not that they have the egotism of the overrefined; but that they feel a racial virtue within their veins which they know is not in any other veins on earth, and which gives them a sort of instinct of sovereignty. The American soldier looks the master; his face is the face of nobility; his stride is the stride of a prince. In the Philippines, in China, in Japan, he looks the lord of the land. He has a fine loftiness of conduct. He goes every place. All doors open before him. He absorbs everything. He has the spirit of acquisitive inquisitiveness. In Japan, every street of every port at which he touches is full of him. The shops are infested by him. He inspects the palaces with the curiosity of intelligence. He wanders among the temples of the ancient gods, a modern Omar meditating a new Rubáiyát. At the giant tombs of the dethroned Shoguns he sits and muses on the ceaseless tide of time which changes all and finally submerges all. He is a learner at first hand. No printed books or papers for him when the book of the world is before him. No painted map for him when the chart of the earth itself is beneath his feet. No dry nor fanciful account for him of the strange peoples of humanity's first homes, when he may see and know and absorb the spirit of those peoples themselves.

The American soldier in the Philippines will, by his original information gathered at first hand, make America more familiar with the Orient than any other people on earth. We Americans are infinitely logical. The expansion of our territory was only the minor premise of the great syllogism of expansion through which we are passing. The expansion of our knowledge of the world has been far greater than the spread of our dominion. We *have* more of the world; we *know* more of the world; we are better prepared to *bless* the world and thus to bless ourselves. The great people of the American Republic, from whom flow all our large and elemental movements, feel that the day of our empire, as a sovereign force of earth, is in its first gray dawn; and of this mighty, irresistible and imperial common people of the American Republic, the ones who feel this most intensely are those matchless soldiers of that common people who followed their flag over eight thousand miles of sea and planted it upon and above the Gibraltar and the garden of the great Pacific and of all the East—the Philippine Archipelago.

The Story of the Pony Express

The Fast Mail Over the Plains

By Homer Bassford

THE death of Alexander Majors, which occurred in Chicago not long ago, removed the last of three men who had to do with a unique and interesting enterprise of the pioneer days of the West. Alexander Majors, usually called Colonel Majors, was of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, who owned, for a great many years, the most notable stage-coach system on the Western plains. It was in the management of the Pony Express, however, celebrated on its own account and broadly advertised by Mark Twain, Buffalo Bill and innumerable story writers, that greater renown came to this Western firm along about the early sixties.

GENERAL LAWTON RECEIVING A DISPATCH, SENATOR BEVERIDGE STANDING BESIDE HIM

Taken June 8, at the blockhouse at Guagua del Monte, from the heights of which the military movements in the entire Mariquina Valley were seen as on a map

(Courtesy of the Chicago Record)

Colonel Majors, always willing to talk about the bold enterprise of his frontier firm, was never so happy as when explaining some point in connection with the Pony Express. In the old mining exchange at Kansas City, years after the last pony express post-house had rotted away in rain and blizzard, I have seen the white-bearded pioneer, in the centre of an intensely interested group, telling how Buffalo Bill acted on his first trip, how this rider or that escaped with his life after a terrifying experience, how the Buchanan message of 1860 was delivered at Sacramento in less than eight days, and then—Colonel Majors always ended his stories in one way—he would lower his voice and speak of the time when the telegraph came and, after that, the railroad—the telegraph to put an end to the Pony Express and the railroad to drive the stages into oblivion.

THE MEN WHO STARTED THE PONY EXPRESS

William H. Russell, who died at his home in Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri, in the spring of 1871, was the head of the firm that controlled the Pony Express. The third member was John W. Waddell, who died in the same year, at Lexington, on the Missouri River. The other partner survived them almost thirty years.

There has been much discussion at various times as to the identity of the person who first suggested the idea of a string of fleet ponies across the Western plains and mountains from the railroad at the Missouri River to the Golden Gate. Among the friends and acquaintances of Colonel Majors there was never a doubt as to this point. He said, many times, that a certain Duke Gwyn—and the Colonel was always sure to say that Gwyn's name had but one "n" in it—was the suggester of the plan to "run the ponies across the plains," again quoting Mr. Majors.

"He got the idea at Washington, I think," Mr. Majors said, "and he used to urge it whenever he could get an audience. For a long time no one paid any attention to him. But when business got more pressing, and when it was found that the stages would make about a given time and no better, we were approached for our views on the subject. After canvassing it for a while we finally agreed, in the fall of 1859, to go into the thing in good earnest.

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SENATOR BEVERIDGE'S LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON

LETTERS AT FIVE DOLLARS AN OUNCE

"We had first sounded a lot of the important business men of both the coast and Eastern cities as to its desirability. We learned that the fixed charge of five dollars a letter of one ounce weight would be welcomed as surprisingly low—that is, if we were able to keep our promise as to the delivery of a letter in something like eight days.

"The expense, at the outset, was enormous. We bought, in round numbers, six hundred hardy, healthy ponies, sure of foot and well tried. We employed all the brisk, daredevil young men of good habits whom we could find; we built post-houses every ten miles, unless it chanced that our stage posts would serve the purpose. The ponies were stationed at these post-houses, with bedding for extra riders, food arrangements, and a keeper in charge. We paid each of our riders from $100 to $125 a month, and nearly all the boys were in love with the work, hard though it was. It sometimes happened that illness actually prevented a man from taking up his trip as assigned to him, but there was never difficulty in getting the other rider to take up at least one extra leg of the long journey across the plains.

"I have been asked, sometimes, whether the express stopped on account of weather. This question used to make me smile, but it has been repeated so many times that I have concluded that our present-day folks, who know little of pioneer life, are to be excused. Why, I have seen a man jump from the back of one pony to the back of another, in zero weather, and start away like the wind, with never a thought of entering the post-house for a drink or a sniff of the fire."

BUFFALO BILL THE BEST OF THEM ALL

Colonel Majors used to tell the story of how he met William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," and set him to work. Young Cody was practically the head of the family, his father having died when "Bill" was a boy, and it was from Majors that he earned his first money. He carried messages from one freighting outfit to another, and at that time these outfits were strung all the way from Westport to California. Cody was one of the first to have a place as rider tendered to him.

"Will Cody was one of the best men we ever had," Mr. Majors often said. "He was in love with the work, and although it was seen that the exposure was telling upon him, entering into it as he did, he never whimpered up to the time other plans took him out of it. He was always on time, whatever the weather, and sometimes when we were not looking for him there would be a whirl of dust, a shout, and Cody would be in ahead of schedule, before the change pony was out in waiting for him!"

No pony express ever started away from the Missouri River without the leather parcel bags, filled with letters and precious packages, locked tight, to be opened at the far other end. Highwaymen were not feared, for the reason that, as a rule, the money value of the mail, from the standpoint of the highwayman, was not much. But the Indians were a source of danger.

Colonel Majors, who was so closely identified with this strange enterprise, was, in the heyday of his career, the most important man of his type in the country. He was the moving, energetic figure in the establishment of a stage company that ran the only great, uninterrupted line across the plains. The company built a superb outfit of Concord coaches at a cost of about $600 apiece. There was a mail subsidy for a large sum applying east of Salt Lake; beyond that another company carried the mail. The first of these coaches left Atchison, Kansas, in the fall of 1859, and carried a great number of passengers, capacity being considered. This line, famous in its time, took the South Pass course, by Fort Fetterman and Fort Laramie, along the North Platte and Sweetwater to Fort Bridger, over Green River, through Echo Cañon, over the hills and down Emigration Cañon to Salt Lake. There was a branch running over from Julesburg to Denver, but at a later period the branch was discontinued and the main line ran to the Colorado capital. The post stations built at regular intervals for this service were used in many instances by the subsequent Pony Express.

There were whispers of Western telegraph and Western railroads at that time, but Majors and his men went on in their immense work until they were actually driven from it by electricity and steam.

"The Pony Express went first," said the old Colonel, "and it went in a hurry. We kept it going as long as we could, but when the telegraph came it snipped the life out of the thing almost in a day. What was the best thing we ever did with our pony service? Well, in the first place, we proved that it could be done, that our Western brain and brawn were equal to the task. Then we laid out a way for the railroads, for the great lines of to-day follow our tracks. We built up business, too, so that there was enough of it, when the railroads and wires came, to lend support to both. Of specific achievements I think that the most notable was the delivery of President Buchanan's last message. We were expecting it and had planned to break records by landing it in San Francisco under eight days. When the document was received by wire at St. Joe we had it put on thin paper. The best ponies and the best men were ready, for all along the line word had gone forward that we were out with the President's message. It was much under eight days when the message was all over San Francisco."

The Troubles of Martin Coy

By Joel Chandler Harris

WHEN Mrs. Nicklin, on the day of Colonel Flournoy's funeral, was informed by her husband that he had seen and spoken to Martin Coy, it is no wonder that she was astonished. Nor is it any wonder that she was ready to entertain and express a suspicion that the man was responsible for the Colonel's taking-off. For Martin had innocently and unintentionally made for himself the most gruesome and mysterious reputation that ever attached itself to the name and character of any other human being in Middle Georgia. He was a living ghost, and it was only necessary to mention his name to send children to bed silent and shivering, and to cause negroes to remain indoors. The reason there was no Ku Klux organization in that immediate region was because it was only necessary for one white man to say to another within hearing of a negro: "Have you heard the news? Martin Coy has sent word that he'll walk about to-night." This was sufficient to keep every negro at home on that particular night.

On one occasion, the evening before a State election, the negroes gathered in large numbers not far from town, ready to march in early next morning and mass themselves at the polls. A happy thought on the part of one of the young politicians of the community caused this plan to miscarry. He dressed himself up after the style of the "Fantastics," as modern mummers were called in the South just prior to the war, donned a hideous mask and a wig and beard of long, white hair, and went to the camping-place of the negroes. "Who dat?" cried one of their pickets. "Martin Coy!" replied the young man in a terrible voice, striking a match, as though he would see who his challenger was. But the negro gave him no such opportunity. Uttering one terrified shriek, he turned and fled, pursued, as he supposed, by Martin Coy. The shriek, coupled with the name of Martin Coy, was sufficient to stampede the colored citizens. The noise made by their feet as they ran along the firm clay road could be heard for some distance, and it sounded like the wild rush of a drove of cattle.

In a word, Martin Coy was a ghost, alive and palpable, and yet as mysterious and as unreal as the spooks that figure in fireside tales. No man in all that section had been better known than Martin Coy. For several years before the war he had made himself obnoxious to some and popular with others by running a distillery and keeping a "doggery" just outside the corporate limits of the town. This still and doggery soon became eyesores to the good citizens of the community. They attracted all the reckless and irresponsible characters in the county. Young men with no fondness for drink went there for the sake of the gayety of the crowd, and were soon drawn into the whirlpool of intemperance. On Saturday nights especially the orgies that took place at Coy's stillhouse were something to be remembered, especially by those who lived within earshot.

Various efforts were made to remove this blot upon the social order, but Martin Coy had taken sound advice so far as the legality of his business was concerned. Moreover, the attacks made on him in the courts aroused the real obstinacy of his nature, and when the citizens clubbed together and raised enough money to buy out a dozen such distilleries, he laughed at their offer. They had attacked him in the first place, and when they went at him with fair words they found him with his bristles up, as the saying is.

Now, in Georgia, since the days of George Whitefield's campaign against Satan, one of the specialties of the population is the ease and certainty with which it turns out revivalist preachers, one for each generation of sinners. Uncle Jimmy Dannielly, one of the most celebrated, flourished in the thirties, and Uncle Johnny Knight in the fifties. They were rough and uncouth in their ways, it may be, but they were men of genius, gifted with a power to stir the hearts of their fellows. Many strange stories are told of the results of their appeals to the consciences of their hearers. Camp-meeting, when a series of services was held in midsummer in the deep bosom of the green wood, was the special harvest-time of these revivalists. They preached day and night, and some very astonishing scenes occurred as the result of their ministrations.

Martin Coy never attended a camp-meeting, nor any other religious service, but it was while one of these meetings was in progress not far away that the good citizens of the community concluded to make him the object of special attention on the part of the preachers. Some of the young men got wind of the plan, and made haste to inform Martin that a vigorous attempt would be made to convert him.

"Well," said Martin, "I reckon I need something of that kind as bad as the next one. But they'll not pester me."

But on Saturday night, while the young men who favored Martin Coy with their presence and their patronage were in the midst of one of their revels, two or three revivalists, accompanied by a dozen or more of the most substantial citizens of the community, suddenly made their appearance. The young men had prepared for a great time. They had secured the services of Fiddling Bill, a one-legged negro, whose lack of limb and knack as a shoemaker had secured him many privileges, and had made all arrangements for what is called a "stag-dance." But Fiddling Bill, perceiving this grave and threatening accession to the crowd, slipped his fiddle into its bag, and was for slipping away. A word from Uncle Johnny Knight detained him.

"Don't go, William," said the great revivalist, his face beaming with smiles. "The fiddle is a vile thing when its strings are tuned to sin, but can't you tune it to play a hymn, William?"

The young men slipped away one by one, but Fiddling Bill remained, and so did Martin Coy, who was running a doubling of low-wines. "If you git dry," he remarked to his new guests, "you'll find a jug by the water bucket there." With that he went on attending to his business, chunking up the fire, and testing the strength of the run, which was slowly dribbling through the coils of the copper pipe into a cask, or half-barrel.

"We have come, Martin," said Rev. John Knight, "to have a little friendly talk with you about your soul."

"All right, neighbors and friends," responded Martin Coy cheerfully, "fire away."

"But first we'll have prayer," said the preacher; and they all knelt except Martin Coy. The fact that made Uncle Johnny Knight's prayers more impressive than those of any other person was their conversational tone. He addressed his Maker as if the Great Infinite were standing before him.

"We know, Lord, that our poor friend, Martin Coy, has a good heart and a clear understanding. If we know that, Heavenly Father, how much better do You know it! Oh, touch that heart, and make that understanding clearer, and lift our poor friend out of the depths of his misery. He doesn't know, Lord, how deep his misery is, but show it to him; make him feel it; brand the knowledge of it on his dead conscience, and bring that conscience to life, all quivering with the despair that leads to repentance."

The prayer was long and earnest, and grew more vivid toward the close; but it seemed to have no sort of effect on Martin Coy. Then a hymn was sung. Acting on orders, Fiddling Bill, after one or two trials, picked up the tune and carried it along very sweetly, the tones of the violin striking through the male voices with singular effectiveness.

"Purty good, Bill," remarked Martin Coy, with a grunt of satisfaction; "I'll give you a big drink for that when the company goes."

"Thanky, marster," said Fiddling Bill enthusiastically.

The upshot of it was that the efforts of the revivalists appeared to have no appreciable effect on Martin Coy, until at last one of them—it may have been Rev. Caleb Key—who, when all other tactics failed, had a way of seizing sinners by the scruff of the neck, metaphorically speaking, and shaking them over the bottomless pit, raised his hand and said solemnly:

"Martin Coy, in the presence of your God and these consecrated brethren, I denounce you for sowing the seeds of crime and sin in this community. Your wicked heart is harder than flint, but it will be broken. *The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will slink about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man, though yet alive!* Mark my word, Martin Coy! the God of the widow and orphan will take vengeance on you!"

These words may not seem very impressive in print, but charged with the emphasis of a sonorous and living voice, and rising and falling with the inflections of an earnestness as strong as passion itself, they proved more effective than all the prayers and preaching. As soon as the words were uttered Martin Coy turned around and faced the revivalists, but they were already retiring. He advanced a pace or two and raised his hand as though he would attract their attention, but their backs were turned and they were swallowed by the darkness.

Then Martin Coy turned and looked at Fiddling Bill. "They give out some rough texts," he remarked.

"Dey sho does," said Fiddling Bill, who was staring at Martin Coy with wide-open eyes. "A little mo' an' de preacher would 'a' cussed you out."

"I wish he had 'a' done it on his own hook," suggested Martin Coy with a sigh. "Then I could 'a' grabbed him and give him a frailin' that would 'a' lasted him till the next time he pestered me."

"Would you 'a' done it, Marse Coy?" asked Fiddling Bill.

"As certain as gun's iron," replied Martin Coy.

"Well, suh!" commented the negro. After that there was silence for some time. The negro, narrowly watching Martin Coy, saw that he was in a soberer mood than usual: not that he was ever drunk. It was his boast, indeed, that, though he had made thousands of gallons of spirits, and had tasted nearly every gallon of it, not a drop had ever gone down his goozle. After a while Fiddling Bill ventured to make another remark.

"De man sho' was a rank talker."

To this Martin Coy made no reply; whereupon, after waiting a reasonable time, Fiddling Bill made as if to tune his violin—he had lowered the pitch to suit the solemnity of the hymn tune—but Martin shook his head.

"No more tunes to-night, Bill. We've had enough music to last us over Sunday. There's a jug there with a tin cup tied to the handle. Take a dram if you want one."

Fiddling Bill looked at Martin Coy and then at the jug, and then, for a wonder, he shook his head.

"No, suh; I speck I done had 'nuff. Dat ar man put a bad tas'e in my mouf." He lingered a little while, looked anxiously at the jug more than once, and then bade Martin Coy good-night.

The white man leaned back in his split-bottom chair and smoked his pipe, listening intently to the thump, thump, thump of the wooden leg as the negro went along the path. When the sound died away, he turned to the boiler of the still and remarked:

"Well, well, well! when a nigger fiddler says 'no' to a dram, it's about time for the stars to fall ag'in."

In Martin Coy's opinion, another fall of stars such as he witnessed when a lad of seven would be the prelude to the final judgment and day of doom.

Now it need hardly be said that Martin Coy did not go out of the distilling business. He kept it up, not only because he was a most obstinate and self-willed individual, but because he had no other business to fall back on. He kept it up until the beginning of the war, and succeeded, meantime, in buying a farm close to town, and a half dozen negroes to work it. But when the war began it opened up a new line of business for young and old—unprofitable as the event proved. Along with many others, but beyond all question new, Martin Coy was drawn into it.

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

—NORA, WHOSE INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IMPELLED HER TO LISTEN AT THE LIBRARY DOOR

He joined the company organized in the little town, the company with which Colonel Flournoy went to the front, and engaged in the arduous work of perfecting himself in the dull tactics and various manœuvres which are so imposing to average spectators, but which are never really employed when war actually opens its mouth and begins to drink the blood and crunch the bones of its victims.

It was while Martin Coy was engaged in these duties that he received a long and affectionate letter from his brother, Harvey Coy, who, following his wife's relatives, had emigrated to Missouri. In this letter Harvey Coy begged his brother not to enlist in any effort to destroy the Union. He owned slaves himself, he said, and his wife's family was made up of slave-owners, and he declared that he had good reason for saying that Mr. Lincoln had no intention of disturbing slavery. Moreover, Harvey said that the Southern leaders knew this as well as he did; nay, better, if such a thing could be, and they were simply trying, not to preserve

slavery, but to destroy the Union. As for him, he proposed to join the defenders of the Government, and he advised his brother to sell out in Georgia, bring his wife to Missouri, and either remain neutral or take sides for the Union.

Martin Coy read his brother's letter over very carefully, and then made his wife read it aloud.

"Well, and what do you think of that, Molly?" he inquired.

"Why, I think the brazen fool is tryin' to insult us," she exclaimed. "I allers did hate him," she added. "He was as poor as you before he married Carry Biggers. And after that he used to talk about 'my niggers,' and 'my property.' I declare if he hadn't 'a' been your only brother, I believe I'd 'a' spit in his face. I felt like it over and often. And now he wants us to go up there and be Yankees along wi' him! If you ever meet him in the war, I hope you'll make it convenient to put a hole plumb through him."

Martin Coy winced at this. "I hope not," he protested. "I don't think any more of Harvey's wife than you do; but a woman's a woman the world over; and you can't blame a man for what a woman does. The capers of Harvey's wife didn't prejidice me ag'in' Harvey; but when he comes a-preachin' this doctrine, me and him can't gee hosses."

With that Martin Coy tore his brother's letter into little bits of pieces and set them adrift on the wind with an exclamation of bitter disgust.

Time, which carries all human efforts forward to their culmination, carried Martin Coy to the front, and, in the beginning, Providence placed him in West Virginia. The brigade to which his company was attached was stationed at Laurel Hill, and a more desolate place, especially during the winter season, could hardly be found. The snow or the sleet fell for weeks at a time, and even when the sun shone it simply illuminated and brought into stronger relief the vast and desert loneliness that fell impartially on valley and on mountain.

Martin Coy said long afterward that a million men gathered in that region wouldn't have lifted the "lonesomeness" of the place. "It was so lonesome," he declared, "that men choppin' wood a quarter of a mile away made you feel like you was in t'other world." And when he was asked which of the other worlds he meant, his reply was: "Arry one would 'a' suited me for a change."

But the truth is, Martin Coy looked back on the Laurel Hill experience through a long vista of trouble and keen anguish that colored and warped his vision.

In the spring of '61, a brigade or two of Federals heard of the occupation of Laurel Hill by the Confederates and, being on their way southward, concluded to pay the lonely place a visit. They carried out this intention early one morning, and their visit was so unexpected that they were right in the camp before most of the Confederates knew there was a blue coat within twenty-five miles of the place. It was a surprise, and, according to all recognized rules of warfare, should have been a very disastrous one; but American troops have a way of getting over their astonishment, as was abundantly demonstrated on both sides during the war. The Confederates rallied behind the cabins they had built, rallied by twos and tens, and then by companies, and they soon succeeded in giving the enemy a warm good-morning.

But the position was untenable—so the officers decided—and the Confederates retreated. This retreat, orderly enough in the beginning, soon developed into a movement in which every man was for himself. The troops were not demoralized, for there was no pursuit, but they began to straggle. If the history of that retreat has ever been written, the account has never fallen under the eyes of the present writer, but the stories told by survivors all agree that it was the most horrifying experience they were called on to endure throughout the war; and some of them, be it remembered, lay for months in prison, while others suffered from terrible wounds.

The demoralization that occurred was probably the best thing that could have happened, for if any considerable body of the retreating troops had remained together, starvation would have been the result. But they scattered about in small companies and squads as they went tramping through this vast wilderness. No doubt a great deal of that country has been opened up by this time, but in 1861 there were miles and miles of forest that had never been explored by white men. The statement may seem hard to believe, because at rare intervals along the eastern fringes of this wilderness rude huts had been built. But a veritable jungle of interminable width, which stretches for hundreds of miles along the tops and sides of a range of mountains, offers no inducement to exploration on the part of those who have even a vague idea of its extent.

It was June when the retreat began. In Georgia the blackberries and other wild fruit are ripe at that season. In that vast and mountainous wilderness the trees and shrubs, with the exception of the laurel, were just beginning to throw out leaves, and the pale green of the new foliage was but the sickening sign of barrenness to the lost Confederates. Some of the unfortunates were never heard of again, but the squad with which Martin Coy found himself managed to preserve life by feeding on roots and barks, especially the inner bark of the red elm and sassafras. On several occasions they managed to shoot high-flying crows; and once they killed a wild pig, and had a most joyous feast.

Finally, after wandering about for many dreary days, Martin Coy and his companions came to a stream of running water, the first they had seen. By following this they not only returned to big hominy and fried chicken, which are the equivalents of civilization in that region, but plump upon an adventure which brought Martin Coy face to face with an event that changed his whole life, and made existence dark for him in a very real sense for many a long day.

The stream which they had been following through a narrow and somewhat tortuous gorge suddenly leaped off a precipice so high that some of the water was shattered into a mist which arose from the pool below as vaporous as though it had emanated from a steaming caldron. There was nothing for the weary and famishing Confederates to do but to retrace their steps a little distance and climb from the gorge the best they could. It was not an easy matter for men so torn by hunger and so burdened with fatigue, but, led by Martin Coy, whose dogged energy had been the means of keeping up the spirits of his companions, they crawled out and proceeded in a direction parallel with the stream. They had not gone far before they found themselves gazing upon a scene which, after their terrible experience, seemed a foretaste and first glimpse of Paradise. It was as if the vast wilderness had rolled away behind them, or as if a black veil had been lifted.

In the valley below them a farm lay nestling in the sunshine. A small flock of sheep browsed busily in a field near the barn, and a number of cattle stood contentedly chewing their cuds. Fowls were running about, a small dog barked intermittently, and blue smoke curled from the chimney of the dwelling. The Confederates gazed on this scene of beauty in joyous silence until one of them, a man from Putnam County, Georgia, true to his raising and his first principles, exclaimed:

"Boys, I smell hog meat a-fryin'!"

"No," said Martin Coy, after sniffing the air; "it's chicken a-fryin'."

"Then to-day's Sunday," was Putnam's comment.

Whereupon Martin Coy drew from his coat pocket a dirty envelope, counted the marks upon it, and after a brief calculation, asserted that the day was Sunday. He had kept tale of the number of times he had wound his watch, so that every mark stood for twenty-four hours.

The farmhouse seemed to be close at hand: one of the party said it looked like a man might back up the hill a piece, get a good running start, and jump right spang into the garden. Nevertheless, they had to walk nearly a mile and a half before the house was reached, and when they arrived there they walked right into the arms of a squad of Federal troops. They had been warned of the troops by a man who appeared to be one of the farm hands, who was hitching a small mule to a wagon; but as you may toll a pig into a butcher's shop with one ear of corn, so, on the same principle, these famished and weary Confederates determined to risk everything in order to satisfy their hunger.

If there had been a man among them of the dash and energy of Forrest they could easily have captured the Federals, for there was a momentary stampede among the latter, who were lounging about without their arms, when they saw this grim and determined-looking little band filing into the yard; but the Confederates were clean forespent. In spite of the warning cry of "Halt!" they came shuffling toward the house, some of them staggering by reason of the reaction that had set in. The officer in charge of the Federals took in the situation at a glance, and so did the motherly looking housewife, and it was not long before they were seated around a bowl of steaming chicken-broth, in which wheaten dumplings had been stewed. Simple as this was, it was more than a feast; and it restored hope and energy, and gave them strength and courage. The truth is, while they had been weak from hunger, their chief trouble had come from the fact that they were lost in a wilderness that seemed endless. The interminable jungle had racked their nerves and sapped their vitality far more completely than hunger and fatigue; and when they were once free from that incubus and had satisfied their hunger, they found themselves in pretty good condition.

Now, Martin Coy's terrible experience in this mountain jungle was made more terrible still by reason of his keen and vivid remembrance of the awful prophecy of the revivalist who, with other preachers, had visited his stillhouse. From the moment that he realized the plight of himself and his companions the words came back to him with piercing power: "*The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will slink about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man though yet alive.*"

They came back to him and stayed with him; he mumbled them over to himself by day, and they became living things in his dreams and flitted to and fro in his slumbers by night. And now, when he came to realize that he was a prisoner, and that in all probability he would be immured for months, even years, the words of the preacher gathered fresh force.

Owing to the physical condition of the Confederates, which, as has been hinted, was not nearly so bad as it seemed to be, their captors determined to remain at the farmhouse over night. The prisoners were placed in the loft of the barn, which was half filled with hay, and here they found no difficulty in addressing themselves to slumber. Some time during the night, or it may have been toward morning, Martin Coy felt himself roughly shaken. He would have started up with an exclamation, but a hand over his mouth pressed him back with a force that was irresistible, and an angry whisper sounded close to his ear:

"Don't speak, but listen! You're all a pack of cowardly whelps, or the Yanks would be where you are. Do you hear me?" The hand was still over Martin Coy's mouth, and he could only nod an affirmative. "None of you is worth the powder and lead it'd take to blow your heads off, but I'm going to give you a chance to show what's in you to-morrow morning. Are you listening?" Again Martin Coy nodded. "Well, when you get about five miles on the way you'll see a man, a mule and a wagon in the road. The mule will be unhitched. When your crowd comes along she'll back right into it and begin to kick—do you hear? Pass the word to your men, and tell them to keep their eyes open, and when the mule cuts her caper let each man grab a Yank and take his gun away from him. You are six to eight, and the mule will take care of the two extra men. Is it a go?"

Martin Coy nodded emphatically. "It'd better be a go," said the whisper. "The man that flunks will never see daylight any more. What is your name?"

The hand was cautiously raised, and back came the answer, "Martin Coy." "Well," said the other, "don't be coy in the morning. When you hear your name called out, grab the gun of the man next to you and kill him, and tell your men to do the same. Good-night."

Martin Coy felt the straw move once, as if some one was turning over to find a more comfortable position. After that there was silence, except for the squeak of a mouse, or the fluttering scamper of a rat along the rafters. He was awake at dawn. He heard some one quarreling with a mule in the same tone and language he would use with a person.

"It's a mighty good thing I come out here when I did; if

DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"DO YOU SEE ANYTHING IN THAT CHEER THERE?"

I'd 'a' waited till sun-up, you'd 'a' chawed up the whole inside of the barn. You wait till I git you whar nobody can't see us; I'll cut me a stick, an' I'll pay you for the old an' the new."

Thus said the man to the mule. When Martin Coy looked about him he saw no one but his companions in misery; and when he would have told these of the information he had received, the first one he spoke to remarked sulkily: "Why, you told us that last night; you'll keep on blabbin' about it until everybody in the neighborhood knows it."

Blabbing! Whatever faults and weaknesses Martin Coy had, blabbing was not among them. The charge stung him so that he withdrew into his shell, and had nothing more to say to his companions on any subject whatever.

The six Confederates, accompanied by their eight captors, were on the road early. The Federals seemed to know the ground, and were in no hurry. Their main force was not so very far away, as the Confederates learned afterward. Martin Coy was at the head of the little squad of prisoners, and he not only marched close to the Federal guard on his right, but kept a sharp lookout for the man, the wagon and the mule.

When they had traveled about four or five miles they came suddenly upon the man, the wagon and the mule. The mule was unhitched, a part of the harness hanging loose, as though it had been torn off, and the wagon was half-slued across the road. The arrangement seemed to be an ideal one, but Martin Coy's heart sank when he saw a mounted Federal officer talking to the man. How many more were there in the neighborhood?

Martin Coy never lifted his eyes to the face of the mounted officer. He only noted in a general way that the man was large and fine looking. He watched the man and the mule, and drew closer to the guard on his right. Would the scheme work? He would soon know. They were not ten yards from the wagon. The man was saying:

"Why, she's the plague-on'dest creetur in the known world. Whoa! didn't I tell you to whoa?" he cried. The mule had flung herself around with incredible swiftness and was now letting fly both heels at the officer's horse, which, backing into the ravine, suddenly slipped and fell.

The prisoners were only a few steps from the wagon. "Oh, what are you up to? Why don't you whoa before I borry a gun an' kill you?" The mule, backing and kicking, dragged the man after her (to all appearances) around the end of the wagon. "If Martin Coy was here he'd fix you!" yelled the man.

The prisoners accepted this as a signal, and each grabbed the gun of the Federal nearest to him. It was over in a moment, or would have been over, had not the mounted officer, whose horse had recovered his footing, come spurring toward the mêlée, pistol in hand. "Stand up there, men! Who called for Martin ——"

The sentence was never completed. Martin Coy had leveled his gun and fired as the officer spoke. The Federal swayed and would have fallen from his horse, but one of the men caught him, and eased him to the ground. "Martin!" he feebly cried, then groaned and seemed to be quite dead.

The groan had an echo, for Martin Coy, coming forward, found that he had shot his brother.

"It's a judgment!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "A judgment! Now I'm done! You-all can take me where you please."

"Well, I reckon not—not much!" said the man who had been manipulating the mule. "War's war, and when family connections git on both sides of the fence where shootin's gwine on, somebody's bound to git hurt." With that he detailed two of the Federals to look after the body of the officer. One of them mounted the horse and rode off to the Federal camp, the other remained by the roadside.

The countryman, who was no other than John Omahundro, on his way to Richmond, left his wagon where it was, and turned the mule loose, giving her a friendly slap as he did so. She went cantering back to the farmhouse in double-quick time.

"Now you Yanks, jest make your minds easy. You've swapped places with these chaps here. Form in line there; single file. Right about face, and forward march, with a hep—hep—hep! Keep step there, Coy. Don't tangle up my army."

On the side of the hill, as they retraced their steps, a footpath was visible. It was narrow, but well marked. Into this Omahundro filed the men, and they were soon on their way South.

Martin Coy seemed to be a changed man; he would obey orders, but he would not answer when spoken to. The only words he uttered were mumbled to himself, and his companions never knew whether he was praying or cursing. As a matter of fact, he was simply repeating the prophecy of the revivalist: "*The day will come, be it soon or late, when you will hide from the light of the sun—when you will slink about in the darkness—when you will be a dead man, though yet alive.*"

Instinctively the men knew that Martin Coy was in great mental trouble. Omahundro was especially full of sympathy. When they reached Richmond, by a word he secured a furlough for Martin Coy, and saw that he was provided with the papers necessary for his transportation and with a sufficient supply of money.

Just when Martin Coy reached home no one knew except his wife and himself. He kept to himself as rigidly as a monk who dwells alone in a cell. He felt that he was under an awful judgment from Heaven, and his penance, self-inflicted, was that he never allowed the sun to shine on him, or permitted his eyes to rest on the light it gives forth. It was literally as the preacher said it would be: he hid from the light of the sun, and when he went forth at all, he slunk about under cover of the darkness. So far as the world was concerned, it was the same as if he had been dead and buried.

—*Martin Coy turned around and faced the revivalists*

He was so earnest in his beliefs and purposes that he convinced his wife of the spiritual utility of his asceticism, and she, being a woman of considerable energy, and possessing a good head for business, took charge of his affairs and proceeded to manage them with a success that attracted considerable attention.

To quote Mrs. Nicklin, "Old Moll Coy is tryin' so hard for to be a man, she's act'ally and candidly begun to sprout a beard." A remark which drew from Mr. Nicklin the response that, "A 'oman as smart as any man, and a plegged sight smarter'n most on 'em, is got a good right for to have a beard."

Martin Coy was at home for nearly four years before anybody knew it except his wife. He occupied a room in the second story of his house, and the windows to this room were not only closely shuttered on the outside, but heavily hung with curtains on the inside. He limited himself to one meal of cold victuals, and took that at night by the light of a tallow candle. Sometimes he read the Bible, but more often he paced back and forth as far as the narrow limits of his room would allow. But after the first fever of his repentance (if it can be called that) passed away, he ventured to walk about at hours when he judged that the rest of the community were sound asleep.

When the surviving members of his company returned home in 1865, people wondered that Mrs. Coy made no inquiries after her husband, who had failed to return with the others. Then rumors of various kinds flew about. Some said that he, with a number of others, perished in the retreat from Laurel Hill; others that he died in a Northern prison, and there was one persistent story that he had deserted from the Confederate Army and joined his brother on the Federal side. Now, in his walks at night he had been seen and recognized by various negroes. This, however, was no evidence to them that Martin Coy was alive. Quite the contrary. It was an evidence that he was dead. Fiddling Bill, who had known him well and liked him, saw him one night and spoke to him. Receiving no response, he spoke again in a louder tone; whereupon Martin Coy turned slowly around, looked at the negro hard, and groaned.

This was sufficient for Fiddling Bill, who had serious doubts even before he ventured to speak. The negro turned and went back the way he had come as fast as his heavy wooden leg would permit him. He was going at such a rate that when he came to a plank sidewalk the thump of the leg could be heard blocks away; and at one point, where the iron-shod foot of the wooden leg was forced between two planks and held there as in a vice, Fiddling Bill gave one despairing wrench and tore up a whole section of the walk.

The negro's testimony and the evidence of the wrecked walk were sufficient to convince all the negroes, and not a few whites, that the ghost of Martin Coy walked abroad and refused to be laid. The reason was plain. He had died in strange parts, and had been buried in strange soil, and his perturbed spirit would never be satisfied until his bones were brought back home. This was manifest on the face of it, since he had been seen most frequently near the village burying-ground.

Of course, the more sensible people of the community never bothered their heads with these stories, but they flew about all the same, and so much life and substance has a myth of this sort that it persists to this day, and "Coy's Ghost" is still supposed by the superstitious to be walking in that region, flitting about, as it were, from neighborhood to neighborhood to meet emergencies or to explain manifestations that appear to be mysterious.

Slowly, however, the real facts of the case became known to the older citizens, and these, as usual, were disposed to be sympathetic; especially Colonel Fontaine Flournoy, of whose family the Coys had, in old times, been retainers—not in the feudal sense, of course, but by reason of long association and mutual obligations. As soon as Colonel Flournoy returned from his South American adventures he called on Mrs. Coy, and from her learned the facts. He also held a brief conversation with Martin Coy through the closed door of his room, and tried to convince him of the folly of his course. The effort was unsuccessful. Martin Coy clung to the idea that the revivalist who denounced him had been the means of bringing down upon his head the judgment of Heaven.

Now, among those who took a sincere interest in the case of Martin Coy was Captain McCarthy. He was one of the few who had heard all the facts. As he was a very practical man, he went to work in a practical way, saying nothing of his plans. But his daughter Nora observed that he was engaged in a very extensive correspondence. One morning she counted as many as twenty letters lying on the library table, all sealed, stamped and addressed. One, she noticed, was addressed to the Pension Office, and this she made the basis of a series of inquiries which were leveled at her father in a tone at once innocent and serious.

It was, "Dada, dear, do you think I'll ever draw a pension? I carried your laundry to you when you were in the hotel; don't you think I deserve a pension for that?" Or, "Has the Government ever rewarded you for not taking charge of the paper which was to settle everything?"

Captain McCarthy was very much puzzled by such questions as these until he happened to remember that Nora had been dusting in the library, whereupon, in mock indignation, he tried to catch her. Nora ran screaming and laughing around the room, out of the door into the hall, and from the hall straight into the arms of young Francis Flournoy, who had called at that hour on pretense of asking the Captain's advice on some business matter. He thought, poor young man, that he was very sly and shrewd, and that no one except Miss Nora knew why he called so often; whereas, Miss Nora was the only one in all that neighborhood who wasn't really certain. She had her suspicions, and they were very pleasant ones; but she had her doubts, too—and she was very reserved and circumspect; and she never, under any circumstances, betrayed her real feelings except in a thousand different ways which were plain to everybody except to young Flournoy. It is the way of lovers the world over, so the story-tellers say.

But when Nora startled Francis Flournoy and herself by accidentally running into his arms, with her father looking on, and not attempting to conceal his triumphant amusement, she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. As a matter of fact, she did both at one and the same time, and blushed and bit her lip, and pretended to be very much amused at everything, and very angry with everybody. But after a while, as they were talking on the veranda, she became very much subdued. Wonderful for Nora, she fell into a fit of melancholy; and this young Flournoy had sense enough to take advantage of. He was used to young ladies who were romantic and troubled with a gentle melancholy, but Nora, with her various and versatile emotions, chief among which was a keen and restless humor, had been very much of a puzzle to the young man.

When, therefore, she remarked with a little sigh, that she supposed he came to see her father, he remarked that he was in no hurry, and that if—well, in short, he then and there took opportunity by the foretop and said what he had been trying to say for many months. And as for Nora, she said that she never could enter into any engagement so serious that she never could enter into any engagement so serious until her father had approved of it, and so forth, and so on. This suggestion was promptly followed by Francis Flournoy. He could talk to a man; and he had a long and serious talk with Nora's father, who, after pointing out, as thoughtful fathers will, what a solemn and sacred bond marriage is, said that nothing could please him more than to see his daughter the wife of the son of his old friend.

And Nora, whose interest and curiosity impelled her to listen at the library door, became so frightened at the serious character of the conversation that she went off somewhere and cried—a fact which thoroughly restored her high spirits. Her father, however, must have his joke, for when he saw her he put on a very serious and perplexed countenance.

"Nora," he said, "until son Francis came and talked with me, I was sure that the event of this morning was an accident."

"What event, dada?" inquired Nora, blushing.

"Why the performance of rushing out and jumping into the young man's arms."

Strange to say, she forgot to be teased. Instead of protesting against his whimsical suggestion, she threw her arms around him and exclaimed, "Oh, you are the best man in the whole world!"

"There are exceptions," he remarked; "but what else

(Concluded on Page 912)

What *an* Isthmian Canal will do *for the* South

By Senator John T. Morgan

IN 1849, in a letter to Hon. John A. Rockwell, Lieutenant Matthew F. Maury so thoroughly discussed the advantages to the United States of a ship canal through the Isthmus of Darien, that nothing remains to be said that would add any material facts to his statements, or any additional weight to the value of his conclusions.

This great geographer of the seas made so clear a demonstration of the necessity for such a canal that it is almost a matter of national reproach to us that the United States has considered the subject for more than half a century without having taken a decisive step toward its construction.

During that period we have supplied a population that has increased one hundred per cent., and have contributed, to a large extent, to feeding and clothing the world with our surplus productions; we have borne the cost and the waste of three great wars, and we now have a foreign commerce that exceeds, annually, two billion dollars.

THE KEYSTONE OF BRITISH COMMERCIAL DOMINION

MUCH the greater part of this traffic has crossed the Atlantic Ocean to reach the peoples of the eastern hemisphere. The trade with the Orient has traveled an average distance of 8000 miles farther in its voyages over the Atlantic route than if it had crossed the Pacific Ocean.

The cost of the land carriage by rail, and the commercial dominion of Liverpool as the clearing-house of the world's commerce and the most central point for its distribution, have been the controlling factors in the transportation of our commerce with European and Asiatic countries. It is a false assumption that we have not the capital to float our crops and other productions until they reach the hands of their consumers. A country that has a great trade balance in its favor for a long series of years must acquire the financial strength to control its productions until consumers can pay for them.

The factor of difficulty in our commercial situation is that Liverpool and neighboring places have shorter and cheaper lines of transportation to the fields of consumption than our great ports enjoy.

MAURY'S ANALYSIS OF TRADE CONDITIONS

LIEUTENANT MAURY, in the letter to Mr. Rockwell, thus describes the geographical situation:

> "Owing to the course of the winds, the direction of the currents, and other physical circumstances, British merchants are ten days' sail and upward nearer than we are to all the markets of the world, except those of the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico. They are next to all the markets of Europe; to Brazil, to Cape Horn, the Cape of Good Hope, and, consequently, to all ports beyond them they are practically some ten or fifteen days' sail nearer than we are.
>
> "A vessel from the United States, bound for the southern hemisphere, first sails nearly an east course until she arrives in the vicinity of the Azores and Canary Islands; she then puts her head south for the first time. Now, while the American vessel is sailing this route, the English vessel that sailed on the same day for the same market has passed those islands and is far on her way. For the reason that the Cape de Verde Islands are some ten or fifteen days nearer to England than to America, England is that much nearer to the southern hemisphere; for vessels generally, whether from the United States or from England, are in the habit of passing by these islands on their way thither. Therefore the Englishman meets the American in all markets, except those of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea, with the advantage of ten days and upward.
>
> "Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the United States in their commercial race with England have for the last fifty years been gradually gaining."

These facts prove that we must look for competitive trade to the Pacific Ocean and its best markets for our staple productions, where we can have at least equal advantages with European countries in the time required to make our commercial voyages.

This can only be done through a ship canal in the Isthmus of Darien. When this is done, the clearing-house of the commerce of the Pacific Ocean will be at New York instead of Liverpool.

As to the ports of the American and Asiatic coasts and of the islands of the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean, this advantage of ten days in favor of Liverpool will be lost to British trade and commerce when a ship canal is cut through the Isthmus of Darien.

THE AREA DIRECTLY BENEFITED BY THE PROPOSED CANAL

LIEUTENANT MAURY, in designating the rivers whose commerce will flow naturally into the Gulf of Mexico, and whose drainage area is tributary to its commerce, includes the Amazon, Orinoco and Mississippi Rivers, with many smaller ones, whose waters unite in the Gulf as affluents of the Gulf Stream and pass into the Atlantic Ocean through the opening between Florida and Cuba. The opening of a canal through Darien, he insists, will give a commercial highway to the Pacific for the vast area drained by these water-courses, and will create local resources for the traffic on the canal far in excess of those of the Mediterranean Sea. If there were no other advantage than this in favor of such a highway, it would be worthy of the efforts of the whole commercial world to start the circulation of commerce through the vast *cul de sac* of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico; that is, virtually, a dead centre in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean.

It cannot be that the progress of the twentieth century will pause at the slight barrier of thirty miles of canal excavation that interrupts the full dominion over land and sea that the Creator has given to man. It is impossible to conceive that a Government and people who have spanned this continent from ocean to ocean with six great railroad systems within thirty years will hesitate to complete its plan for the defense of its coasts, for the strengthening of its sea power, for the connection of its coast lines, and for the increase of its coastwise and foreign commerce, by the construction of a ship canal for the common use of the Government and the people of the United States and of the whole world. The new opportunities and duties that have fallen to our lot in the control of the insular possessions derived from Spain add immensely to the argument in favor of this waterway. It will be an inexpressible honor to the United States when we have united the East and West Indies with the thoroughfare for ships that has been the hope of all navigators and merchants since the voyage of Christopher Columbus.

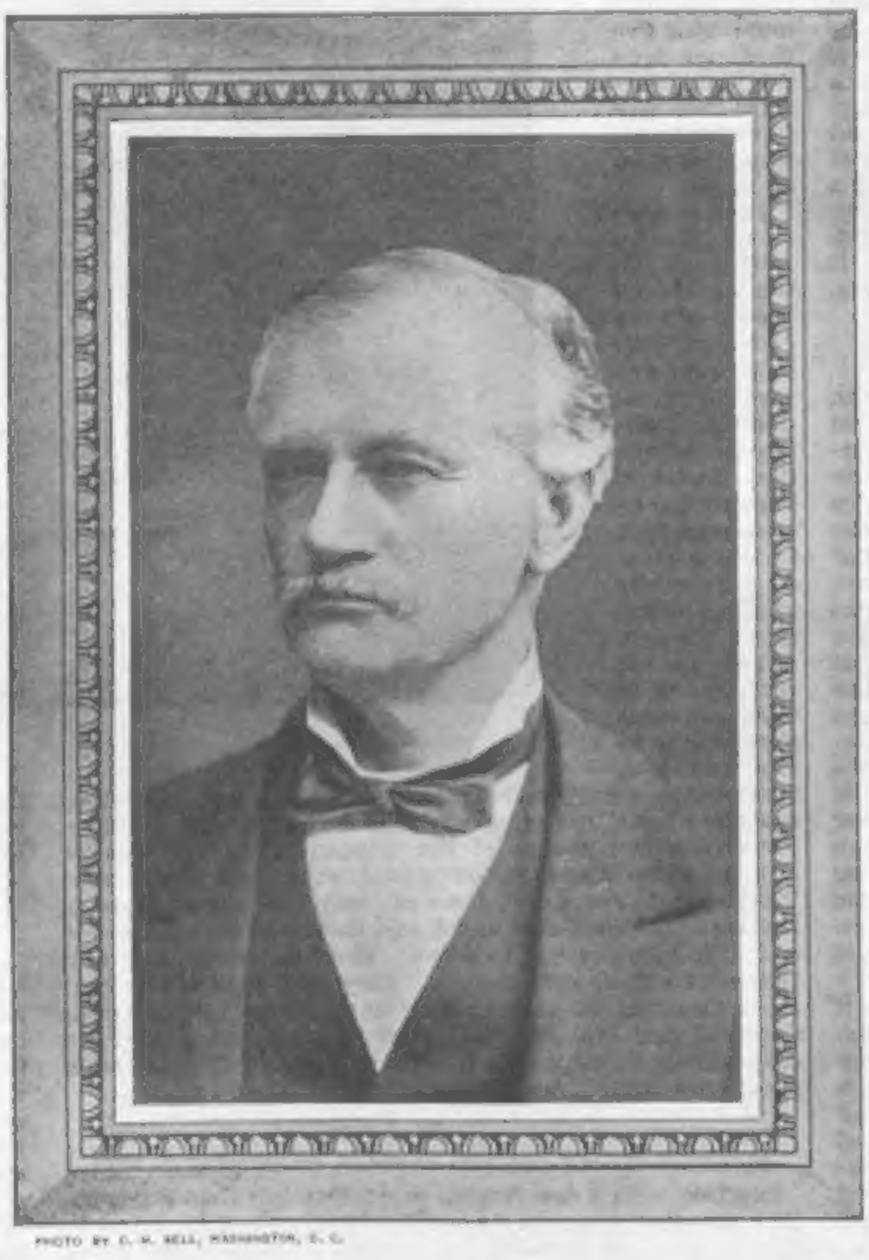


PHOTO BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN

THE FUTURE OF OUR OCCIDENTAL MEDITERRANEAN

THE future results of such an enterprise are beyond the reach of computation in their benefits to mankind. When our Mediterranean Sea, which this canal will people, has contributed its wealth and glory to the world, it will not be lessened by comparison with that of the Eastern Mediterranean, with all of its historic renown.

In the broad and national view of this subject it is quite safe to say that, in addition to the advantages that the Government will derive from the canal, there is no place and no industry in the United States that will not derive benefit from it, and there will be few, if any, Americans who will not feel that its construction is a national duty and an honor to the country. The South Atlantic and Gulf States, with their cotton, iron and coal productions, and their vast forests of yellow pine timber and hard woods, will be directly benefited by the facilities of transportation for their heavy productions, and the increase of their prosperity will add a new chapter to the most advanced achievements of human endeavor in all the annals of time. Instructed by recent history in all countries where the cheap and rapid transit of commerce has been encouraged, it is a safe calculation that the value of property in our Gulf States alone would pay for the construction of this canal ten times over in a single decade, but this view is far short of the national advantages of this waterway, as it is insignificant when contrasted with the benefits that it will confer upon all commercial nations.

Figures that indicate the sums of profit and loss in business matters are not adapted to the computation of the real benefits that we must derive, as a people, from supplying the missing link that is necessary to the geographical and political unification of our Atlantic and Pacific coast lines, now separated by a distance of more than 10,000 miles through the most dangerous seas.

THE COROLLARY TO LIEUTENANT MAURY'S PROPOSITION

THE profits of the canal as an investment are attracting the attention of capitalists, and they begin to combine with each other to interfere with the Government in its rightful and necessary control of the subject. This ought to be sufficient proof of the cash value of this work, but it is always difficult to prove a proposition that is self-evident by an arithmetical statement of its elements, or a calculation of its value. Argument becomes burdensome when it is addressed to the proof of what everybody knows to be true. Whatever may be the future political disposition of the recently acquired Spanish islands, and the Hawaiian and Samoan groups, the opening of a short line of navigation between them must be of the greatest benefit to our own commerce and to our naval defense, and to them a blessing of inconceivable value. No such field of peaceful enterprise was ever placed within the control of any nation as that which reaches from ocean to ocean between Puerto Rico and the Philippines; and no greater prospect of wealth, earned by just and honorable work, was ever offered as a reward to any nation.

If no other inducement offered to stimulate our Republic to exert its influence in blessing the people of these islands, its traditions and promises and its noble spirit of humanity would compel us to open the grand highway that will bring together these ends of the earth.

A Hint for Delaware

By René Bache

MANY people think the peach tree is a born fool, but this notion is not altogether just. The peach plant came originally from Persia, and properly belongs in a much warmer latitude than that of the northern part of the United States, consequently it is not on its guard about blossoming too early. That is the reason it is so apt to be nipped by frost after a warm spell in spring, with the result of the loss of much of the crop.

A very simple expedient has been found recently, by which it is likely that future peach crops will be saved from this cause of destruction. It consists simply in spraying the twigs and dormant buds with a solution of whitewash. The effect of this application, as has been ascertained by trial, is to hold back the blossoming for about a week.

In our climate there are apt to be warm spells even in midwinter, when the thermometer climbs quite high, and this is very dangerous for the peaches. The dormant buds, encouraged by the sunshine, proceed to swell and ripen; then comes a cold wave, and they are killed. In this way promising crops of the fruit are frequently lost, and it is a comfort to learn that the whitewash application is a fairly sure preventive of such disaster. Buds and twigs coated with it, because they are white, reflect the sun's rays, instead of absorbing them; thus their temperature is not raised perceptibly, and they have no tendency to ripen.

This is the basis of the theory and practice of the whitewash treatment, through the help of which it is hoped that the peach crops of future years will be much more successful than they have been in the past. So much difference does color make that varieties of peach trees which have purple buds are much more apt to be winter-killed than those having green buds. Blue and purple in plants have the power of absorbing more heat than other colors, and on that account many species in cold regions are bluish or purplish.

Many methods of protecting peach buds in winter have been tried with more or less success, one of these being to bend the trees down to the ground and cover them with soil or mats. Another plan is to coat the buds by spraying them with glue, and a third consists in drawing the branches together and wrapping them in a vertical bundle with coarse grass or cornstalks. Shading the trees with board sheds has given admirable results.

One advantage of the whitewash process is that it costs very little. Half a bucketful to a tree is about enough, and each tree should have two sprayings to begin with. The wash will last for weeks, and two subsequent sprayings are sufficient. The cost is about ten cents the tree.

Elaborate experiments with this process have been made by experts of the Department of Agriculture, with the striking result that sprayed trees "set" much more fruit.

Chances for Young Men
II - In Japan
By Frank G. Carpenter

ON THE steamer in which I crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama, a few months ago, were a number of young Americans who were starting out to try their fortunes in the countries of the far East. One had an engagement to act as bookkeeper for a great exporting company of Kobé, Japan; another was on his way as the representative of one of the biggest milling machine organizations of the United States, to put up a modern flouring mill at a cost of more than one hundred thousand dollars, for some Chinese capitalists at Shanghai; a third expected to take charge of a wholesale foreign grocery at the same port.

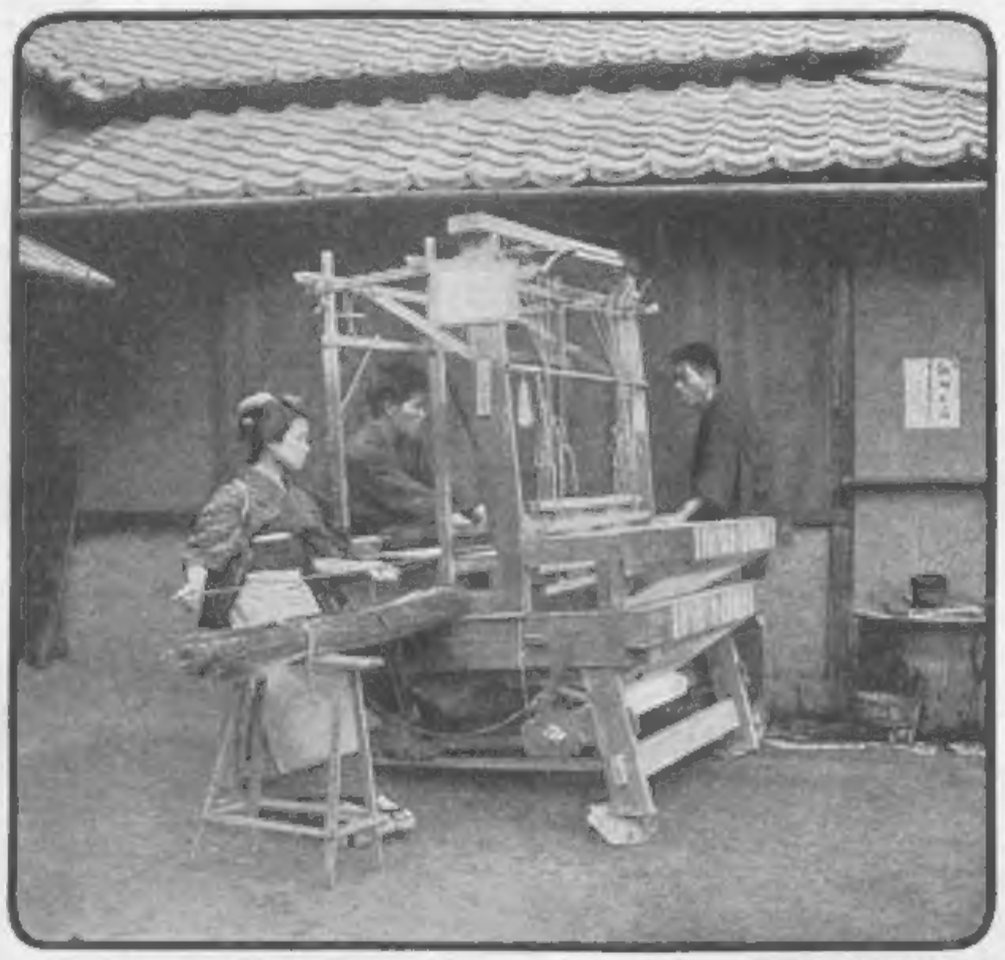
We had, also, several mining and electrical engineers who had been sent out to look into opportunities for investments in Asia, an American professor connected with the University of Tokyo, and several commercial travelers, each of whom had a line of American goods for which he expected to take orders in the different countries. Two of the commercial men were selling machinery, one was introducing fancy American groceries, another carried with him a stock of jewelry and plated ware which he expected to dispose of at different ports of Japan and China, and another was the agent of an Ohio encaustic tile company, who was making an experimental trip of about fifty thousand miles, to take orders for and introduce his wares into the chief cities upon the way. In addition to these there were a number of young Americans going to China, Japan and the Philippines to take advantage of whatever good things they could turn up, and several buyers for some of the largest importing establishments of San Francisco, Chicago and New York. It was altogether a typical crowd of the classes of our young men who may now be found on almost any of the large trans-Pacific steamships, a living evidence of how the Young American is reaching out into the new fields of trade beyond the seas.

NEW COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS IN JAPAN

Among these fields Japan, just at present, seems to have an especial attraction. The new treaties which went into effect about a year ago have radically changed the rights and opportunities of foreigners. Until last July they could not do business outside of a limited number of seacoast cities known as the treaty ports. They could not travel over the Empire without passports from the Japanese Government, nor could they go from place to place and make their own bargains directly with the manufacturers. All of the business had to be done through middlemen who were native Japanese. The foreigners lived at the ports and were subject largely to the jurisdiction of their respective consuls. Now they are subject to Japanese laws and taxes, but they can go where they please and engage in business as they please. They can establish their own factories anywhere in the Empire, and can employ the cheap labor of Japan to make goods for America or Japan or the big Chinese market over the way. The change is so radical that it is not yet known how it will affect Japanese manufacturing and trade, and the operation of the Japanese laws and taxes are such that there is still quite a difference of opinion among the foreign residents as to whether the advantages of the new régime are as great as they would seem to be.

If many young Americans are to find places in Japan it must be in connection with manufacturing for our markets, and in the use of Japanese cheap labor. The opportunities given to young men by the foreign firms now doing business in the Empire are necessarily limited. There are now, all told, not more than ten thousand foreigners in Japan, and of these, five thousand are Chinese. This leaves only five thousand whites, of whom the English number two thousand and the Americans ten hundred and seventy-six. Probably two-thirds of the Americans are missionaries, so that, all told, there are not more than three hundred who are engaged in business and other professions. There are thirteen Americans employed in our consular and diplomatic service; eleven only have offices under the Japanese Government, and the remainder is made up of merchants, doctors, dentists and members of other professions. This is a very small showing, considering the enormous trade which Japan has with America, and her population of 46,000,000—more than half that of the United States. It is comparatively much less extensive than Japan's mercantile occupancy of the United States, where every large city has its Japanese stores and where there are now living and doing business more than five thousand native Japanese—more than five times the American population of Japan.

Japan was opened by Americans to the world and many of the foreign improvements were introduced by Americans. At one time scores of our young men were employed in the various departments of the Government. They acted as the professors in the universities, taught in the schools, took charge as civil engineers on the railroads, and also helped construct them and other of the modern engineering works. Americans had charge of the telegraphs, and it was an American who introduced our postal system into the Empire. To-day, as I have stated, there are only eleven Americans in the employ of the Government, and these would be dispensed with if it were possible to do so. The Japanese believe that Japan is for their own people. They will take a foreigner for a time, but as soon as they have learned all he knows they will cast him off. They are apt at learning, and not only believe they are able to master anything that any other people can master, but are really able to do so.



WEAVING MATTING

JAPANESE POLICY TOWARD FOREIGN PROFESSIONAL MEN

Starting with a few foreign professors less than a generation ago, they have now an educational system managed by themselves which will compare favorably with ours. They have an Imperial University in Tokyo with more than two thousand students, and in their common schools the pupils number more than four millions. In the private and higher schools there are probably a million more, and the number of teachers employed is more than one hundred thousand. These schools have studies like ours, and in some cases they use the same text-books, pirating the American editions. They have also their technical schools of engineering and their professional schools of different kinds, so that they are producing all kinds of skilled and professional labor. Thousands of their young men are sent to the United States and Europe to study for the professions, and these, when they return, are believed by the people to be fully the equals of foreigners, and hence have filled the demand which formerly existed for foreign professional men.

TRANSPLANTING RICE

CHANCES FOR AMERICAN DOCTORS AND DENTISTS

This leaves the young American professional man who would come here practically dependent on the foreign population for his practice. The chances for great results are therefore limited. American dentists who do so well in Europe can do something, but not so much, here. They will get higher prices, one of the Yokohama dentists receiving six dollars for fillings, whether of amalgam or gold, and three times as much for crown and other difficult work, as in America. The young dentist who comes must expect competition from the Japanese dentist, who will work for lower prices.

No young dentist should come to Japan unless he thoroughly understands his profession; nor should he come unless he has money to enable him to maintain a respectable establishment and to take his place in the society of the foreign circles for two or three years. He must have good offices, keep himself well dressed, and take his part in the life of the foreigners of the city in which he settles. If he does this, he will in a short time begin to get patients, and eventually will find that he has a good practice and a life place for himself. It is the same with young doctors and other professional men. A success has one additional advantage over that of such professions in the United States in that a practice, once built up, has a commercial value, the good-will lasting as long as the firm name is kept, although the original members may have sold out, died or gone away.

A PROMISING OUTLOOK FOR YOUNG LAWYERS

As to lawyers, about a thousand are graduated every year from the law schools of Tokyo, and there are tens of thousands in the Empire. The foreign attorneys are comparatively few, and since the new treaties have come into effect these have in nearly every case formed partnership with native lawyers in order to further their practice. The laws in force are modeled after the French law system, and the young man who would engage in the practice should not only understand French, but also the Japanese. There is no jury system; the judges decide everything. The amounts involved in trials range from five cents to thousands of dollars. All of the large firms and corporations have their own lawyers, just as with us, but the fees paid are usually much less. The new treaties which make foreigners subject to Japanese laws will probably create a demand for foreign lawyers, for no American would like to trust his case to a Japanese. Learning the language is a matter of several years, and the young man must come to Japan expecting to study hard to fit himself for the position.

FORTUNES MADE IN SMALL FANCY GOODS

In commercial lines there should be many openings for the more enterprising of our young men. At present more than two-thirds of the export and import business of Japan is in the hands of foreigners. In 1898 over fifty million dollars' worth of Japanese goods were sent abroad by the foreign merchants doing business here, and the amounts imported by them footed up a grand total of more than ninety million dollars. The business is done by firms with large capital and on a close margin, but I see no reason why our young men, having made their connections at home, should not come out here and get their share of it. The Japanese prefer to buy direct of the home manufacturers and they are now ordering large amounts of goods by catalogues. The commercial traveler who will come here with his samples and work the trade should be able to do a good business.

There are many opportunities for money making in Japan for young Americans who understand the tastes of our people

Editor's Note—Mr. Carpenter's series on Chances for Young Men, of which this is the second article, was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of March 10.

and can use the cheap labor here to supply them. There are many knickknacks made which can be sold in the United States at a good profit, and every now and then some sharp Yankee picks one up and makes a good thing out of it. Last year, for instance, an American buyer for one of the largest department stores of Chicago saw a little lacquer box which he thought American girls would buy as a powder-box. It was selling here for about four sen, or two American cents. The Chicago buyer arranged for the manufacture of two millions of them at a cent and a half apiece, with the result that they retailed in our markets readily at ten cents apiece.

Another man, a tourist who visited Japan some years ago, bought several millions of little boxes which cost less than a cent each, and used them at home for selling tacks. The boxes were very pretty and women bought the tacks in many cases to get the boxes. The dealer made a little fortune from the investment.

I see beautiful tea canisters of all sizes, from that of a wine glass up to some which would hold one and two quarts. They are beautifully decorated and would command a ready sale in the United States. They are very cheap.

There are several different kinds of Japanese candies and sweets that might be profitably sold in the United States, either by importation from Japan or by manufacturing the same articles at home. One especially is a sweet known as Midzu-Amme. It is sold in Japan as a syrup and in the form of a paste somewhat like gum drops or fig paste. It is made from millet, but I am told it can also be manufactured from wheat or Indian corn. In the paste form it is a delicious candy, of a transparent light amber color, and in a syrup it looks like a rich golden molasses. This stuff is not only good to taste, but it has for years been used in Japan as a digestant and as a cure for dyspepsia and other stomach troubles. Children can eat all they please of it and not need castor oil as an after-dose. The most dyspeptic American could swallow his buckwheat cakes without danger if he had Midzu Amme instead of maple molasses to sweeten them.

I mention these things only as samples of a number which the live Yankee may find here if he keeps his eyes open. There are different kinds of wall papers, fancy papers, curios of all kinds and other knickknacks which are awaiting the young man who has the brains to see what they are worth and how they can be sold at home.

■

THINGS THEY MAKE MORE CHEAPLY IN JAPAN

The encaustic tile salesman of whom I spoke as being on his way around the world to sell goods showed me a wall paper as thick as Linerusta-Walton which he proposed to introduce into America. He said we have nothing that will compare with it in design and texture, and he believes it can be sold for ten times its cost in Japan. There is letter paper made here which has a gloss like silk, and at one of the factories I was shown a sheet of heavy silk paper which was so tough and strong that it would support my weight when four men lifted it at the corners.

Another field for young men with some capital is in the use of Japanese labor and skill to manufacture things for our home markets. There are many articles which can be made here for much less than in the United States. The Japanese have known this in the past and they have taken advantage of it, but by the new treaties the field is now open to all. As to what the Japanese have done, one or two examples will illustrate their ability in such lines. Take the little round lead cones which, fitted with a knife, are sold for lead-pencil sharpeners. These cones, a few years ago, were sold by our merchants at wholesale at fifteen dollars a gross. The Japanese have copied them and can make them to sell at a profit at seventy-five cents a gross. Rulers which used to sell at six dollars a gross have been supplanted by a better article, made in Japan, which can be sent across the Pacific to San Francisco and sold at retail at two cents apiece, and one of the best makes of American lead pencils has been imitated and is now sold here as an imported article at one fourth the price it brings in the United States. They can copy anything and do not scruple to steal patents and trade-marks, though they have laws which nominally protect such properties.

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MAKING MONEY IN RUGS, MATTINGS AND OIL STOVES

There are, however, many things in the line of legitimate manufacture which could be made here to sell in America, and they may be patented in Japan. The Japanese are, it must be remembered, anxious for any new and good thing, and any man who comes here and makes a success in any way must expect competition as soon as the people realize that his business is profitable. If the young American brings an unpatented article to sell to the Japanese he must expect to make all his profits out of his first or second importation, for if it is an article that can be imitated these people will make the same thing cheaper than he can bring it from home. Just now there is an American who is doing well selling portable oil stoves. Petroleum is the light of Japan and charcoal is the chief fuel. None of the common houses have stoves or good heating arrangements and the oil stoves are in demand. They are, however, already being imitated and their foreign importation cannot long withstand Japanese competition.

MAKING BRONZE CURIOS

Among the new industries of Japan in which foreigners have been making money are those which have used the cheap labor to make matting and rugs. One firm had put rugs made of the most beautiful rugs from the great museums of the world. The patterns were brought here and the rugs were copied in jute and cotton. They are now sold in all American cities.

The mattings which Japan made until within a very few years ago were exclusively for home consumption. They were as thick as your wrist, were made in pieces three feet wide and six feet long. White was the only color manufactured. These mats were used as carpets for the floors of the Japanese stores and houses as they are to-day. Then the Japanese discovered the foreign demand for matting. Now hundreds of thousands of rolls are sent to the United States every year. They make the most beautiful matting in the world. The weaving is done by the Japanese, but the sales are chiefly made through the foreign firms. Many of the new designs are suggested by the importers, but of late the Japanese have been designing themselves and some of the most beautiful patterns are of native origin.

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THE WAGES OF JAPANESE ARTISANS

Since the war between Japan and China there has been a radical increase in the wages of Japanese laborers. From our standpoint they are still very low, and the mode of living among the common people is such that it will be many years before they approximate the wages paid to similar workmen in the United States. From a table prepared by the Japanese Government I give the average wages paid at the present time. The hours are in all cases for days of ten or eleven hours and for seven days of the week. I have reduced the figures to American gold.

Mechanics are paid less than twenty-five cents a day. Carpenters and plasterers receive twenty-one cents; stone cutters and masons twenty-three cents and bricklayers twenty-four cents per day. Shoemakers are paid seventeen cents, paperhangers twenty-one cents, jewelers twenty-two cents, and saddlers and harness makers twenty cents. Those who make tobacco and cigars get seventeen cents, compositors and printers seventeen cents, and blacksmiths twenty cents. Tailors who can make European clothes receive twenty-six cents, and common workmen who do the hardest of manual labor are paid twenty-one cents a day. On the farms men are paid thirteen cents and women receive eight cents per day. Of the weavers, men get twelve cents and the women eight cents a day, and in other manufacturing industries about the same, the wages ranging from ten to twenty-five cents, with less wages for women and children, the latter often receiving not more than five or six cents a day. These wages, it must be remembered, are the average wages over the Empire. In some of the cities they are higher, and in others lower than the sums stated.

With such wages and with the extraordinary skill and industry of the people, Japan must for many years offer opportunities for the making of all kinds of goods. There are already forty-seven modern cotton mills operating more than a million spindles, and within the past two or three years many woolen mills have been established. A great deal of the manufacturing is done in small factories and vast quantities of goods are woven in the homes of the people, it being estimated that there are more than half a million hand looms in the Empire. For this reason many undertakings can be started with small capital, the only danger in such cases being from the competition of the Japanese. The manufacturing of the future for a large part of the Chinese market will, it is believed, be done in Japan, and a combination of American and Japanese capital has been suggested by Marquis Ito. Such combinations would, however, be possible only between men of considerable capital.

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THE MATTER OF RETURN PASSAGE MONEY

Taking the whole field into consideration, the young American who would go to this part of the far East to make his fortune had better think long before he starts. He should not come expecting to get a place as a clerk or employee of one of the foreign firms unless he is thoroughly capable and unless he can show letters from former employers stating that he is so. He must not come without enough money to keep him for several months while he is looking about for a job, and enough to take him back home in case he fails to get one. The round trip across the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Japan and back will cost for passage alone $300, and three times that sum would be a small amount to allow for the experiment—a risky experiment, indeed, with no positive certainty of success. The young man who would engage in manufacturing must have capital, of course, and he must at the same time have brains enough to know a good thing and have the nerve to take advantage of it. For such men there are opportunities everywhere, and just now the rapid developments and changes which are taking place in eastern Asia should furnish them a fair opening in Japan.

The VETERAN

By Frank L. Stanton

NUTHIN' but fightin' an' fightin'! I'm gittin' too old fer it now,
But when I hear bullets a whizzin', I want to jine in somehow
I set readin' the news in the papers o' how they air blazin' away
Makes me cut up the queerest o' capers, an' hooray the old time hooray!

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin'—guns from the East to the West,
An' me on a furlough that's left me forever *an'* ever at rest'
Step sorter haltin' an' feeble—eyes that air lackin' the light,
An' my *heart* keepin' time to the drum beat when I see the boys hep to the right'

Nuthin' but fightin' an' fightin', an' nuthin' that's left me to do,
An' yit I'm as willin' as ever—an' yit I was raised to it, too!
I tell you, my eyes they git misty when I'm hearin' the news o' the frav,
To think I kin only jest *hear* it, an' stay home an' holler 'Hooray!'

Didn't I face it with "Stonewall"? Didn't I foller "Bob" Lee?
Didn't he say fer a many a day there warn't any fighter like me?
[illegible] whilst they're rippin' an' rearin', an' doin' their maddest de
I can't take a han' in the scrimmage with the boys in the jackets o' blue

"Laid up!" Them's the words I'm a-sayin' all o' the days an' the years
Laid up! whilst the ban's a-playin'—laid up on the shelf fer repairs!
An' I hear how they're fightin' the battles—I see the boys marchin' away,
An' all I kin do fer my country is to stay home an' holler 'Hooray!'

MEN & WOMEN
Close-Range Studies

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden

Mrs. Alden and the Princess

The International League of Press Clubs, which recently organized a Benevolent Association for the building of a home for newspaper workers, elected a woman as one of the directors and a member of the Committee on the Site. She is Mrs. Cynthia Westover-Alden, woman editor of the New York Tribune and an author of many successful books for girls. She accepted the position and will lecture in the principal cities of the country during the season for the benefit of the home. Mrs Alden's journalistic career was inspired by long and faithful service in several branches of the New York municipal government, where she furnished the city press with bright reports and interesting articles incidental to her work. Her best piece of reporting was among her first newspaper experiences

"One day when I was writing for the now defunct Recorder," she said the other day, "I was assigned to interview the Princess Eulalie, Spanish royal representative to the World's Fair at Chicago. I missed her in New York, so I paid my own expenses to Washington to interview her there, but I did not succeed She would not see reporters. I interviewed the master of ceremonies, an American who had charge of the royal party and asked him to help me. He replied that 'Her Highness would return to New York the next day, but you cannot meet her unless you are introduced by Mayor Gilroy himself.'

"I went back to New York crestfallen. The next day I induced the editor to send me on the chartered boat which took the royal party up to West Point. The boat started and Eulalie and her escort took up a position on the main deck The Mayor stood on one side and navy and army officers on the other. All about were soldiers with crossed sabres. The procession of invited guests started two by two to be presented to the Princess, but when I saw that they did not get near enough to her to touch her hand, I determined not to take my place in the line but to devise other means of being introduced. Finally a bright thought occurred to me, and, breaking through the ranks, I said to the soldiers:

"'Let me pass; I've a message for Mayor Gilroy.'

"I went through. I walked up to the Mayor and said, 'Mr. Mayor, everybody has met the Princess but myself Will you present me?'

"He recognized me and replied, 'I am delighted to have the honor. Your Highness, this is Miss Cynthia Westover, who has for many years been a part of the city government.'

"The Princess looked up and smiled, and I spoke to her in Spanish and told her how pleased I was to meet her. She answered that I was the first woman she had met who spoke her own tongue We talked for over an hour on Spanish and American customs She told me of her love of horses, music and literature, and of the training of her Spanish sisters. She asked me to step outside with her, and I did so. We walked up and down the deck for about ten minut when I saw the master of ceremonies coming. He instantly recognized me, and advancing quickly toward the Princess he spoke hurriedly in Spanish and put his finger to his lips. I looked up to him and said

"'I've got my two-column interview, thank y I obeyed your orders strictly. I was presented by the Mayor.'

A Cruel Joke on Andrew Lang

Even the shrewdest persons may at times be deceived. No matter how much people may differ upon the genius of Andrew Lang, they are unanimous in regard to his quick intelligence and his talent for playing golf. Not long ago he was a guest at a very distinguished dinner, which he is said to have described as an extraordinary survival of savage mysteries. The culinary part was faultless, but Mr. Lang's enjoyment was utterly ruined by having, as he put it, "a budding funny man on the one hand and a diabolically deaf Socialist on the other. I could not," added the famous critic "tell which of the two was the more mournful companion"

Two weeks afterward it got out that the Socialist was not deaf, that he had come to the banquet prepared to be bored by less learned guests that he had been seated alongside "an idiotic middle-aged gentleman who did nothing but talk of golf," and that to protect himself he had simulated a deafness which kept his neighbor bawling

The New Humorist from the Far West

In the House of Representatives one of the most picturesque and buoyant figures was James Hamilton Lewis, who added greatly to the gayety of the routine. His successor is Francis W. Cushman, who began very soon after Congress met to maintain the reputation of the State of Washington in the councils of the nation.

F. W. Cushman

He is one of the humorists of the House, and he enlivens his speeches with various stories that take the edge off of his bitter partisanship, such, for instance, as calling a Senator a traitor to his country

Mr Cushman will be thirty three in May. He was born in Iowa, and he had the characteristic career of the self made man of the West

He was a section hand on the railroad, a cowboy, a laborer in a lumber camp, a school teacher, and finally a lawyer. His law office is in Tacoma

This is the first office he ever held and his nomination was unanimous. He is a Congressman-at large and he fell into the usual pitfall of telling the old story about it The political importance of his election was due to the fact that he ran on a gold-standard platform against Mr. Lewis, and beat him by over 2 000 votes in a total vote of about 75,000 This is the way he expressed his financial views: "There would be no greater inconsistency to me in hearing a man talk of biyardism, bquartism, or bibushelism than to hear any one discourse on the beauties of bimetalism in the sense of using both metals as a standard. But one metal only can or will ever be the standard."

John Sherman on Himself

A politician who was very near to Senator John Sherman in the campaign of 18— says he will never forget the effect that the first kodak picture of himself had upon the Senator. Mr. Sherman had been speaking the night before in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and the newspaper artists had taken some life-like snapshots of him in many attitudes. To the politician the Senator said, upon looking over the newspapers the next day: "Well, well, our time for criticising the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now Here I am just as I am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."

Judge Fitzgerald's Double Entry

Judge James Fitzgerald, of the New York Supreme Court, is an excellent example of what perseverance and singleness of purpose will accomplish. The Judge, who is about forty years old, supported not only himself but helped his family while serving as a cash-boy in a store and at night he attended Cooper Union. Later he read law at night and managed to be admitted to the bar at the same age that most young men begin practice. The Judge has had more than fair sailing, though, since he became a lawyer. He is a powerful man physically, ruddy, and as active as a lynx. To his native Irish wit is added a power of speech that nearly approaches eloquence. He soon took a prominent part in politics and was for years a member of the Legislature

Several years ago he was appointed an additional Assistant District Attorney at the comfortable salary of $7500 the year before taking office he married and went on a prolonged wedding trip. When he returned a month's pay was due him and he went to the office for it. During his honeymoon he had traveled over a good part of this country, and as his funds were low he went direct from the train to the office.

"Here is your money, Counselor," said the pay clerk deferentially, after his kind.

"All right," replied Mr. Fitzgerald, pocketing the roll of bills

"Sign the pay-roll, please," continued the clerk

"Of course," responded the bridegroom, and, absent mindedly, he wrote as follows

"James Fitzgerald and wife"

And the entry is on the city books to this day.

Should Have Tried a Deaf Mute

Even distinguished artists have their domestic sorrows Miss Cornelia Dyas, the eminent pianist of New York, belongs to a musical family and from her early years has devoted her life to her favorite art. She studied in this country, went abroad and completed her musical education in Germany. Her brother and sister had similar careers and finally they all came together in New York. There they tired of hotel life and determined to engage in housekeeping on their own account. They secured a beautiful apartment on the upper part of the island, furnished it to suit their artistic fancies, engaged a servant and were happy. The place resounded with music from dawn to eve and late into the night.

Then the girl left

They secured another who also left. A third behaved in the same way. The housekeeping scheme began to lose its charms. One day Miss Dyas met one of the ex-domestics who greeted her very pleasantly.

"I am so sorry you left me," said the pianist "Was there any trouble?"

Well, you see the place was very nice and the work was light and the people were very fine, but there was just a little bit more music than I could stand."

Photo by the Byron Studio, Close 42d

Miss Cornelia Dyas

New England's Silver Man

To be a silver man in New England is almost as difficult as to be a gold bug in Arkansas, but George Fred Williams, lawyer, ex-Congressman and upholder of Mr Bryan's cause in "the enemy's country," seems to prosper upon the antagonisms which his views arouse. He is the most cartooned man in all the New England States. The newspapers ridicule him seven days a week, but it does not seem to affect his equanimity, and many of those who have seen only the caricatures always express astonishment when they get their first sight of him, for he is strikingly handsome man, of large personal popularity and is the best-known citizen of Dedham, the beautiful Massachusetts town where he resides. Mr. Williams has been mentioned among the possibilities for the second place on the Democratic ticket

George Fred Williams

OF THE HOUR
of Contemporaries

A Rough and Ready Schoolmaster

When Charles D. Folsom, the New York lawyer, left Phillips Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, he had a distinct feeling of pride that he was graduated from the same school that sent Daniel Webster out to fight the battle of life, and, because Webster's second step was school teaching, and because he needed the money, he adopted this profession. From this time on, to use his own words, all likeness between his own and the great statesman's career ended.

It was in Sanbornton Square, New Hampshire. There were four giants of boys in the school, all over eighteen years of age, and Mr. Folsom was only nineteen. But he had the advantage of practical physical training on his side. One day the father of one of the giants, who had a bad reputation as a local fighter, drove up to the schoolhouse with an ax and asked for the teacher. He hammered on the door for several moments, and when the teacher appeared he returned to his buggy. The irate parent said:

"Young man, did you lick one of my boys yesterday?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, if you do it again I'll fix you."

"No, you won't," was the answer; "I'll whip your boys so long as they are under my charge and disobey the rules."

"Well, we'll see," said the man, preparing to get out.

It just then occurred to Mr. Folsom that this was his time, and he lifted the bed of the light buggy off the wheels and tipped it over. Into the ditch rolled the man with the ax, while the teacher and thirty-five school children looked on and grinned. It was too much for the man, and, adjusting the buggy top, he rode quietly away.

Senator Gorman's Success as an Interviewer

Of all the politicians of this generation none has a larger reputation for reserve than former Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, who is again taking a prominent part in Democratic politics. Senator Gorman applies to public affairs the famous rule of the great soldier who said that the art of war consisted in finding out what the enemy intended to do. Mr. Gorman is affability itself to the newspaper men that crowd around him for information, but it is a standing joke among them that he does all the interviewing himself.

Every summer Senator Gorman goes to Saratoga for several weeks. One evening Judge Grubb, of Delaware, remarked: "Senator Gorman, you and I have been coming to this hotel now for nearly a dozen years, and every summer when I get back home I find that I have told you everything I know, whereas you never tell me a thing."

The Senator smiled and so did those about him, for they appreciated that the Judge had given a capital description of Mr. Gorman.

"Uncle Dick's" New Billet

President McKinley hardly could have picked out a more popular naval officer for the superintendentship of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, than Commander Richard Wainwright. Of his dauntless courage and his seamanship the world knows the story, but of the gentler sides of his nature the knowledge is confined to men of his own calling. The new superintendent is known to naval officers the world over as "Uncle Dick" and "Uncle Richard." In his desire to increase the happiness of his officers and men he has made it a rule to keep lists of scenes and objects for sight seers, curiosity seekers and lovers of adventure. In the early nineties, while commanding the Alert, he visited the Port of Amoy, China. He called upon the American Consul, and, after exchanging the compliments of the season, spoke about the places of interest in the neighborhood. To the Consul's surprise, Wainwright knew almost as much of the place as he did. He had all the facts about the port.

"I like to keep myself informed upon such matters," explained Mr. Wainwright, "on account of my boys on board. I remember when I was a youngster in the navy nothing gave me more misery than to find out after I had visited a port that I had missed something worth seeing."

ARTHUR P. GORMAN

COMM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT

PRINCESS SALM-SALM

MISS ADÈLE RITCHIE

Comptroller Coler's Bid for the Governorship

Bird S. Coler, Comptroller of the city of New York, frequently acts for the Mayor in public functions of a social nature. The latest one was the opening of a new armory late in January. Among his duties on this occasion was the reviewing of the troops, who were to occupy the structure. Now there are certain things which a man must know when he reviews a body of troops, and none of these things did Comptroller Coler know save in the vaguest possible way. Therefore, before the ceremonies began he sought the advice of General McAleer, who commands the Second Division of the State Guard, and was in charge of the ceremonies.

"I never reviewed a regiment before," said Mr. Coler.

"That's all right," responded the General. "I'll tell you," and he thereupon wrote plainly on a small slip of paper a set of directions, covering the custom of reviewers, telling when he should uncover his head and to whom, and such other things as were of use. With this paper deftly concealed in his hand Mr. Coler faced the ordeal bravely. The General stood by his side and, as the evening wore on, faithfully nodded approval as his pupil followed his directions like a trained soldier.

At length came the regimental colors. The Comptroller glanced down at his paper and then turned a quick and appealing glance at the General. The veteran made some mute signal and leaned forward as if to whisper. Then he straightened himself, turned white and looked fixedly at something a long ways off. The paper had no reference to colors on it. But the Comptroller had not witnessed the Dewey parade for nothing. Remembering Governor Roosevelt's impressive salute to the Admiral, he drew himself up and waited.

In a second the color bearers were in front of him.

With a superb gesture the Comptroller raised his hat, threw out his chest and placed his hat with a resounding thump over his left breast. It was more than patriotic—it was dramatic, and the spectators burst into applause.

When the last soldier filed by, the General caught him by the hand and said: "For Mercy's sake! where did you get that? I forgot to mention the colors and I trembled for the result."

"I remembered Governor Roosevelt's salute to Admiral Dewey just in the nick of time. Did I do it all right?" he asked anxiously.

"All right?" replied the General admiringly. "You did it out of sight. A few more reviews and you will be Governor of New York yourself."

On the Free List

The comic operatic star, Miss Adèle Ritchie, has a great love for French art and visits Paris for several months every year. Here she studies the stage and also the dressmakers and milliners. During a recent trip outward there was a pleasant passenger list on the steamer and nearly every evening [illegible] taking took place in the main [illegible]. The singing was, of course, the chief feature of the program. At Havre a fellow passenger, whom Miss Ritchie had seen only once or twice on the voyage, approached her and said, "I want to thank you for the great pleasure you have given me during the trip."

Supposing that his remark was polite commonplace she answered, "I am much obliged to you and glad that you enjoyed my part of the programs."

"But," continued the passenger, "I mean it from the depth of my heart. You don't know what good you did. I was very sick from the rolling of the ship because I'm a poor traveler. My cabin was not far from the saloon and I could hear nearly all that went on. Most of what I heard increased my suffering, but last night when you sang three songs I became reconciled to [illegible] no matter what form it took."

At Havre she encountered a customs official who deserves to be remembered. He went through the regular formality as to the trunks and other baggage, but was painfully slow. Miss Ritchie grew a little nervous and said, "I hope there is no tariff upon passengers?"

The official proudly drew himself up, bowed and remarked:

"With passengers like yourself, madam, we believe in absolute free trade, and could our Government be here and see you they would undoubtedly offer a bounty upon the [illegible]."

Princess Salm-Salm's War Record

Of all the women of the present day and generation there is probably none who has had a more crowded or a more interesting and romantic career than the Princess Salm Salm, of Bonn, Germany. She was Miss Agnes Le Clerq Joy, a Vermont girl, and she has many relatives throughout the United States. At the age of fifteen and one-half years she married Prince Félix Constantine Alexander John Nepomucene Salm Salm, who came to the United States as a soldier of fortune and in the Civil War rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. Princess Salm Salm took part in three wars. In the Civil War she followed the fortunes of battle with her husband, and the Governor of Illinois commissioned her a captain of volunteers and she received a captain's pay. She was wounded during the war. Afterward her husband fought with Maximilian in Mexico, and she was with him. Her deafness to-day is due to a wound she received in that conflict. In 1868 the Prince and his wife went to Germany and the Prince was killed before Metz. The Princess was wounded at Amiens. She has written a book of her experiences and she has traveled all over the world. Her present visit in this country is for the purpose of raising a fund of $30,000 for an ambulance corps to accompany the Boer army in the field. She bears with her a certificate from professors in Bonn testifying to her skill as a nurse.

The Princess recently described how she was able to maintain her youthfulness after all her hard experiences. "I must be doing something all the time," she said.

"I sleep only three or four hours in the twenty-four; never slept more since I can remember, but I sleep like the dead when I do sleep. When I awake I take a cold bath every morning and then begin on my letters."

She is enthusiastic in her championship of the Boer cause.

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

Copyright, 1899, by Jerome K. [illegible]

He fights not to please himself, but to satisfy a public opinion that is two hundred years behind the times

The three men—George, Harris and the small one—are on a bicycle tour through [illegible]. A tandem and a safety are the [illegible]

How German Students Amuse Themselves

BEING wishful to obtain an insight into the ways of student life (a curiosity that the courtesy of German friends enabled us to gratify), we passed through a German university town.

The English boy plays till he is fifteen, and works thence till twenty. In Germany it is the child that works, the young man that plays. The German boy goes to school at seven o'clock in the summer, at eight in the winter, and at school he studies. The result is that at sixteen he has a thorough knowledge of the classics and mathematics, knows as much history as any man compelled to belong to a political party is wise in knowing, together with a thorough grounding in modern languages. Therefore his eight college semesters extending over four years, are, except for the young man aiming at a professorship, unnecessarily ample. He is not a sportsman, which is a pity, for he would make a good one. He plays football a little, bicycles still less, plays French billiards in stuffy cafés more. But, generally speaking, he, or the majority of him, lays out his time bummeling, beer drinking and fighting. If he be the son of a wealthy father he joins a Korps—to belong to a crack Korps costs about four hundred pounds a year. If he be a middle-class young man he enrolls himself in a Burschenschaft or a Landsmannschaft, which is still a little cheaper. These companies are again broken up into smaller circles, in which attempt is made to keep to nationality. There are the Swabians, from Swabia; the Frankonians, descendants of the Franks; the Thuringians, and so forth. In practice, of course, this results as all such attempts do result; I believe half our Gordon Highlanders are Cockneys; but the picturesque object is obtained of dividing each university into some dozen or so separate companies of students, each one with its distinctive cap and colors, and its own particular beer hall, into which no other student wearing the colors of his corps may come.

The chief work of these student companies is to fight among themselves, or with some rival Korps or Schaft, the celebrated German Mensur.

The Mensur has been described so often and so thoroughly that I do not intend to bore my readers with any detailed account of it. I merely come forward as an impressionist, and I write purposely the impression of my first Mensur, because I believe that first impressions are more true than opinions blunted by intercourse or shaped by influence.

A Frenchman or a Spaniard will seek to persuade you that the bull ring is an institution got up chiefly for the benefit of the bull. The horse which you imagined to be screaming with pain was only laughing at the comical appearance presented by its own inside. Your French or Spanish friend contrasts its glorious and exciting death in the ring with the cold blooded brutality of the knacker's yard. If you do not keep a tight hold of your head you come away with the desire to start an agitation for the inception of the bull ring in England as an aid to chivalry. No doubt Torquemada was convinced of the humanity of the Inquisition. To a stout gentleman, suffering from rheumatism, an hour on the rack was really a benefit. He would rise feeling more free in his joints, more elastic than he had felt for years. English huntsmen regard the fox as an animal to be envied. A day's really excellent sport is provided for him free of charge, during which he is the centre of attraction.

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Use blinds one to everything one does not wish to see. Every third German gentleman you meet in the street still bears, and will bear to his grave, marks of the twenty to a hundred duels he has fought in his student days. The German children play at the Mensur in the nursery, rehearse it in the gymnasium. The Germans have come to persuade themselves there is no brutality in it, nothing offensive, nothing degrading. Their argument is that it schools the German youth to coolness and courage. If this could be proved, the argument, particularly in a country where every man is a soldier, would be sufficiently one sided. But is the virtue of the prize fighter the virtue of the soldier? One doubts it. Nerve and dash are surely of more service in the field than a temperament of unreasoning indifference as to what is happening to one. As a matter of fact, the German student would have to be possessed of much more courage not to fight. He fights not to please himself, but to satisfy a public opinion that is two hundred years behind the times.

All the Mensur does is to brutalize him. There may be skill displayed; I am told there is; but it is not apparent. The mere fighting is like nothing so much as a broad sword combat at a Richardson's show; the display as a whole is a successful attempt to combine the ludicrous with the unpleasant. In aristocratic Bonn, where style is considered, and in Heidelberg, where visitors from other nations are more common, the affair is perhaps more formal. I am told that there the contests take place in handsome rooms; that gray haired doctors wait upon the wounded, and liveried servants upon the hungry, and that the affair is conducted throughout with a certain amount of picturesque ceremony. In the more essentially German universities, where strangers are rare and not much encouraged, the simple essentials are the only things kept in view, and these are not of an inviting nature.

Indeed, so distinctly uninviting are they that I strongly advise the sensitive reader to avoid even this description of them. The subject cannot be made pretty, and I do not intend to try.

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The room is bare and sordid; its walls splashed with mixed stains of beer, blood and candle grease, its ceiling smoky; its floor, sawdust covered. A crowd of students, laughing, smoking, talking, some sitting on the floor, others perched upon chairs and benches, form the framework.

In the centre, facing one another, stand the combatants, resembling Japanese warriors as made familiar to us by the Japanese tea-tray. Quaint and rigid, with their goggle-covered eyes, their necks tied up in comforters, their bodies smothered in what look like dirty bed-quilts, their padded arms stretched straight above their heads, they might be a pair of ungainly clockwork figures. The seconds, also more or less padded, their heads and faces protected by huge leather-peaked caps, drag them out into their proper position, one almost listens to hear the sound of the castors. The umpire takes his place, the word is given, and immediately there follow five rapid clashes of the long, straight swords. There is no interest in watching the fight. There [illegible] no skill, no grace. (I am speaking of my own impressions.) The strongest man wins—the man who with his heavily padded arm always in an unnatural position can hold his huge, clumsy sword longest without growing too weak to be able either to guard or to strike.

The whole interest is centred in watching the wounds. They come always in one of two places: on the top of the head or the left side of the face. At the end of each round the doctors rush up, and press together the wounds, dabbing them with little balls of wet cotton wool which an attendant carries ready on a plate. Naturally the moment the men stand up again and commence work the wound opens again.

As the object of each student is to go away from the university bearing as many scars as possible, I doubt if any particular pains be taken to guard, even to the small extent such method of fighting can allow. The real victor is he who comes out with the greatest number of wounds; he who then, stitched and patched almost to unrecognition as a human being, can promenade for the next month, the envy of the German youth, the admiration of the German maiden. He who obtains only a few unimportant wounds retires sulky and disappointed.

But the actual fighting is only the beginning of the fun. The most interesting part of the spectacle takes place in the dressing room. The doctors are generally mere medical students—young fellows who, having taken their degree, are anxious for practice. Truth compels me to say that those with whom I came in contact were coarse looking men who seemed rather to relish their work. Perhaps they are not to be blamed for this. It is part of the system that as much further punishment as possible must be inflicted by the doctor, and the ideal medical man might hardly care for such a job. How the student bears the dressing of his wounds is as important as how he receives them. Every operation has to be performed as brutally as may be, and his companions carefully watch him during the process to see that he goes through it with an appearance of peace and enjoyment. A clean-cut wound that gapes wide is most desired by all parties. On purpose it is sewn up clumsily, with the hope that by this means the scar will last a lifetime. Such a wound, judiciously mauled and interfered with during the week afterward, can generally be reckoned to secure its fortunate possessor a wife with a dowry of five figures at the least.

These are the general bi-weekly Mensurs, of which the average student fights some dozen a year. There are others to which visitors are not admitted. When a student is considered to have disgraced himself by some slight involuntary movement of the head or body while fighting, then he can only regain his position by standing up to the best swordsman in his Korps. He demands and is accorded not a contest, but a punishment. His opponent then proceeds to inflict as many wounds as can be taken. The object of the victim is to show his comrades that he can stand still while his head is half sliced from his skull.

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Whether anything can properly be said in favor of the German Mensur I am doubtful; but if it can it concerns only the two combatants. Upon the spectators, I am convinced, it exercises nothing but evil. I know myself sufficiently well to be sure I am not of an unusually blood thirsty disposition. The effect it had upon me can only be the usual effect. At first, before the actual work commenced, my sensation was curiosity mingled with anxiety as to how the sight would trouble me. With the second duel, I must confess, my finer feelings began to disappear; and by the time the third was well upon its way, and the room heavy with the curious hot odor of blood, I began, as the American expression is, to see things red.

I wanted more. I looked from face to face surrounding me, and in most of them I found reflected undoubtedly my own sensation. If it be a good thing to excite this blood thirst in the modern man, then the Mensur is a useful institution. But is it a good thing? We prate about our civilization and humanity, but those of us who do not carry hypocrisy to the length of self deception know that underneath our starched shirts there lurks the savage, with all his savage instincts untouched. Occasionally he may be wanted, but we never need fear of his dying out. On the other hand, it seems unwise to overnourish him.

In favor of the duel seriously considered there are many points to be urged. But the Mensur serves no good purpose whatever. It is childishness, and the fact of its being a cruel and brutal game makes it none the less childish. Wounds have no intrinsic value of their own; it is the cause that dignifies them, not their size. William Tell is rightly one of the heroes of the world, but what should we think of the members of a club of fathers, formed with the object of meeting twice a week to shoot apples from their sons' heads with cross-bows? These young German gentlemen could obtain all the results of which they are so proud by teasing a wildcat! To join a club for the mere purpose of getting yourself hacked about reduces a man to the intellectual level of a dancing Dervish. Travelers tell us of savages in Central Africa who express their feelings on festive occasions by jumping about and slashing themselves. But there is no need for Europe to imitate them. The Mensur is, in fact, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the duel; and if the Germans themselves cannot see that it is funny one can only regret their lack of humor.

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But though one may be unable to agree with the public opinion that supports and commands the Mensur, it at least is possible to understand. The university code, that, if it does not encourage, at least condones drunkenness, is more difficult to treat argumentatively. All German students do not get drunk—in fact, the majority are sober, if not industrious. But the minority, whose claim to be representative is freely admitted, are only saved from perpetual inebriety by ability, acquired at some cost, to swill half the day and all the night, while retaining to some extent their five senses. It does not affect all alike, but it is common in any university town to see a young man not yet twenty with the figure of a Falstaff and the complexion of an elderly Bacchus. That the German maiden can be fascinated with a face cut and gashed till it suggests having been made out of odd materials that never could have fitted is a proved fact. But surely there can be no attraction about a blotched and bloated skin and a "bay window" thrown out to an extent threatening to overbalance the whole structure. Yet

Editor's Note—Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

what else can be expected when the youngster starts his beer-drinking with a "Fruhschoppen" at ten A. M. and closes it with a "Kneipe" at four in the morning?

The Kneipe is what we should call a stag party, and can be very harmless or very rowdy according to its composition. One man invites his fellow students, a dozen or a hundred, to a café, and provides them with as much beer and as many cheap cigars as their own sense of health and comfort may dictate. Or the host may be the Korps itself. Here, as everywhere, you observe the German sense of discipline and order. As each newcomer enters, all those sitting around the table rise, and with heels close together salute. When the table is complete a Chairman is chosen, whose duty it is to give out the number of the songs. Printed books of those songs, one to each two men, lie around the table. The Chairman gives out number Twenty-nine. "First verse," he cries, and away all go, each two men holding a book between them exactly as two people might hold a hymn book in church. There is a pause at the end of each verse until the Chairman starts the company on the next. As every German is a trained singer, the effect is striking.

Although the manner may be suggestive of the singing of hymns in church, the words of the songs are occasionally such as to correct this impression. But whether it be a patriotic song, a sentimental ballad, all are sung through with stern earnestness, without a laugh, without a false note. At the end the Chairman calls "Prosit!" Every one answers "Prosit!" and the next moment every glass is empty. The pianist rises and bows, and is bowed to in return, and then the Fraulein enters to refill the glasses.

A CROWD OF STUDENTS, LAUGHING, SMOKING, TALKING

—but it is common in any university town to see a young man not yet twenty with the figure of a Falstaff and the complexion of an elderly Bacchus

Amos Cummings, Journalist

By N. A. JENNINGS

IT IS to be doubted if any man [illegible] genuine fun out of Washington official life than Amos Jay Cummings, member of Congress from New York, who has been mentioned as a Democratic Vice Presidential "possibility." His years of training as an active metropolitan newspaper man—reporter, correspondent, city editor, managing editor—gave him a wonderfully keen observation and taught him, as nothing else could, the gentle art of squeezing good stories out of men. There can be no doubt that he is a good Congressman—for every two years his constituents enthusiastically reelect him by big majorities—but there are many old newspaper men in New York to-day who will tell you "it is a pity Amos Cummings ever went to Congress, because it spoiled forever a rattling good managing editor."

Of Mr. Cummings' official life I know but little, but of Mr. Cummings, the managing editor, I know a great deal, and it has occurred to me that it is time the public had a few anecdotes of the man who has written so many good stories about others.

Mr. Cummings began newspaper work in New York on The Tribune, under Horace Greeley. Shortly after Charles A. Dana left The Tribune and assumed the editorship of The Sun he sent for Cummings and offered him a good position. On The Sun, Cummings was reporter, correspondent and, even [illegible] managing editor. It was while he was the Washington correspondent that he had a memorable interview with Lincoln's Secretary of State, Seward. Cummings received orders one day to get certain information from Secretary Seward without fail, and accordingly he went to the Secretary's office to see him. Mr. Seward did not receive the newspaper man very cordially.

"I won't talk to a representative of The Sun on that subject," said the Secretary. "I am very busy. You are taking up my time, young man, and I can't be bothered with you."

In an instant Cummings was boiling with anger and hurt pride. He drew himself up, looked the Secretary straight in the eyes and said:

"You forget, sir, that there are three parties to this interview."

"Three?" queried Seward in surprise. "How do you make that out?"

"First, sir, there is you, Secretary of State, and one of the foremost figures in the world of men of the day. Second, there is the correspondent of the New York Sun, who has come to you on a perfectly proper errand in the service of his newspaper; and third, sir, there is an American citizen who considers himself the equal of any man on earth, and who will not be insulted by you or any man alive!"

The great Seward looked at Cummings and smiled.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me exactly what you want, young man."

The Sun not only got the news it wanted, but also one of the best interviews with Seward ever published.

KILLING ADVERTISING TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEWS

When Mr. Cummings was managing editor of The Sun, many years ago, an important news story came in late one night and was sent to the composing-room with "must" written above it, which meant that on no account must the news be left out of the paper. A few minutes later the copy boy returned to the editorial rooms and reported that the foreman had said the paper was already overset, and that two columns of other news would have to be killed if the "must" story was to get in. Cummings took the copy from the boy and went himself to the composing-room. He demanded an explanation. The foreman told him that there was a pressure of advertisements that night, and that they had usurped some of the space usually given to news.

"What shall I kill?" asked the foreman.

"Kill two columns of advertisements and print all the news," ordered Cummings; and it was done.

The next day there was trouble around The Sun office. A hurried meeting of the stockholders was called and it was a stormy one. Some of the stockholders wanted to have Cummings discharged, but Charles A. Dana stood up for him, and as Dana owned the greater part of the stock his vote was all powerful. After the meeting Mr. Dana walked out of his office and straight to Cummings' desk. He put his hand affectionately on the managing editor's shoulder and said:

"You have my permission to throw out advertisements to make room for the news whenever in your opinion it is necessary. We are publishing a newspaper, not an advertising poster."

Shortly afterward an improvement was made in the presses, so that two or more pages could be added to the paper at the last moment, if necessary.

EDITORS ENGAGED ON SIGHT

When, in March, 1887, it was decided to publish an evening edition of The Sun, Cummings was put in charge of the new paper. In some way it had leaked out that the paper was to be published, and great preparations were being made in the office of The World to get out an evening edition before The Sun did. When Mr. Dana heard of this he told Cummings he must get out the first copy of The Evening Sun in two days, although nothing was in readiness. Cummings said he would do it. Mr. Dana told him he could have all the help he wanted from the staff of the morning paper. Cummings said he didn't want any help, but would get his own staff of reporters and editors. Then he let it be known in Park Row that reporters and editors were wanted. He took the first twenty or thirty men who applied for work. I happened to be the third man who applied.

"Well," said Cummings, "go out and get a story. I'll pay you eight dollars a column for it."

"But what kind of a ——"

"Oh, anything you see that's interesting. Use your eyes."

Mr. Cummings is devoted to fishing and is very fond of sailing. One summer, a number of years ago, he passed two weeks on a pilot boat and took Ernest Jarrold, the author of Mickey Finn Idylls, with him for company. One day a great storm arose and the pilot boat was tossed about on the waves like a chip. Every minute a wave would dash over the deck and threaten to carry everything away and swamp the boat. Cummings and Jarrold were in the little cabin, the former lying in a bunk intently reading a book on the French Revolution. Jarrold poked his head out to look at the storm, when a mountain of sea water fell with a boom on the deck and filled his eyes with spray. The boat gave a fearful lurch and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over.

"This is awful, Amos," said Jarrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."

"Oh, keep quiet and let me read, Mickey," said Cummings, never lifting his eyes from the page. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloa

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The Plain Way of Government

THE general turning of public attention to South Africa has popularized knowledge of the Transvaal Republic. One feature which has attracted special notice is the simplicity and directness which characterize the relations between the executive and legislative branches. President Kruger is in the habit of participating in the sittings of the Raad. Soon after the Raad has been called to order, the President enters by a side door leading into the executive chamber. The members rise as a mark of respect for the dignity of his office, and remain standing until he has seated himself near the Speaker's chair. The President listens to the discussions of the legislators and offers explanations or advice whenever he sees fit.

The practice in Switzerland, also an intensely democratic commonwealth, is similar. The President and the members of the Federal Council have not only the right to take part in the discussions of either House of the General Assembly, but they have also the right to make motions on any matter under consideration. They cannot vote, but they have full opportunity to explain and advise. In practice the actual initiative of legislation is in the hands of the President and Council. Bills are prepared in advance of the meeting of the Assembly, and, together with full explanatory reports, are published in the official gazette, and are thence carried by the newspapers into every corner of the confederation. The measures are discussed by the people, and when the Assembly meets, public opinion has already taken definite shape on the measures to be considered. There is as little debate in the Assembly as at the meeting of a board of directors of a business corporation. The members of the Federal Council are present to give any information that may be desired. Questions are asked and answered, but the tone of the discussion is businesslike, and not political, in the sense in which the word is used in this country. The system is not only thoroughly efficient, but it is also extremely economical. The cost of maintaining the executive department of Switzerland does not exceed $17,000 a year. It has sometimes cost as much as that to prepare and print the reports called for by a single resolution of inquiry addressed by Congress to our executive department, whereas under the Swiss system the matter would have been satisfactorily disposed of at once by statements and explanations from the Federal Council.

Widely different as is the actual practice in the United States, it is more the result of usage than of constitutional intention. The original idea was that close relations should [illegible] and Congress. The [illegible] that when the President of the United States should meet the Senate in the Senate chamber the President of the Senate should have a seat on the floor to the left of the Secretary of the Senate, and his message should be assigned to the President of the United States. The [illegible] never sits with the Senate, but in Washington's time the President and his Cabinet officers would go into either House and make oral communications on public affairs. So far as the intent of the Constitution and the original practice of the Government are concerned, there is no reason why methods as [illegible] and democratic as those which prevail in the Transvaal Republic or in Switzerland should not exist in the United States.

The causes for the ceremonial distance at which the relations between the executive department and Congress have been placed are to be found in the accidents of our political history, and, being the result of gradual development, they cannot be removed except by influences as profound as those which produced them. It is, however, easy to discover that just here is to be found the secret of the extraordinary violence of partisanship in this country. The gap between executive direction and legislative control leaves room for a dense growth of prejudices, misconceptions and animosities, through which the public business must force its way, and it is able to do so only by a fury of party activity that keeps our politics in a strange state of heat and turmoil.

—HENRY JONES FORD.

Too often when Cupid registers marriage vows he falls into the modern habit and uses the cash register.

Ruskin's Idea of Beauty

THE most remarkable fact in John Ruskin's character and influence has hardly been indicated in what has been said of him since his death. Devotion at once to beauty and to goodness is a combination rarely met in the great men who have given themselves to art or to literature. In most cases the one seems to exclude the other. It is exceptional when a book combines artistic worth with a spiritual purpose, as is true of The Pilgrim's Progress, and even that was an unintentional exception. And it is too common to find really artistic writers exhibit that repugnance to spiritual truths which John Foster deplored in a famous essay. Even when they do not dislike them, they, with Shakespeare, avoid them.

The exceptions to this among minds of the first class embrace Plato, Augustine, Michael Angelo, Milton, Pascal, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Schiller, Tennyson and Browning. But in none of them, except, perhaps, Michael Angelo, was there such a fusion of ethical and æsthetic enthusiasm as in John Ruskin. To him, beauty was a matter of the highest moral import. The beautiful was to him a gate of the divine temple through which a man might press into the holiest of all. He had no patience with the notion that art exists to adorn and to please, and has no higher mission for human life. In his view, the vocation of the artist is as solemn as that of the prophet or the preacher, and the highest success in it can be attained only through the mastery of the baser self—of the laziness, the irreverence, the conceit, and the frivolity which unfit men for grave dealing with truth. And his influence over his generation has been greatest in just this direction. He has taught it not to divorce what God has joined in His world and in His Word, both of which show the blending of goodness with beauty.

The type of building which was associated with religious worship in this country in the early half of the century shows what a need there was for such a message. The churches and meeting houses of Colonial times had their merit, even to an artist's eye, in the exact adaptation of structure to use, and the simplicity which is an elementary form of beauty. It was when we became rich enough and ambitious to do better than simplicity that the evil days set in. Elaborate and pretentious ugliness raised its head, imitating every form of building, from the Greek temple to the American circus, and all dedicated less to the worship of God than to the comfort of His creatures. All symbolism was ruled out, and only the lowest utilities were considered in the details of the structure. They were designed to make the attendants on church services as comfortable as possible and to display their collective wealth.

The desire for beauty is not yet disassociated from these faults in the building of our churches. There is still too much of the old leaven of ease and self-importance in their arrangements. But the uses of the edifice are kept better in view, and truer ideas of what constitutes beauty are shown in general design and in detail. We are ceasing to associate our religion with elaborate and studied ugliness, such as found its rebuke in every cloud visible through the church window, and every tree that outlined its winter's lacery, or spread its summer's wealth of greenery before the eye of the worshiper within. And to all this Ruskin has been a great helper.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

In the darkest hour Hope used to strike a match, but now it presses the electric button.

Getting Acquainted with Life

OF OLD, men took observations to note the peculiarities of various movements in Nature, which, because they were inexplicable, seemed probably connected with the great secret of chance and change so fascinating to simple minds [illegible]

familiar with them to be curious about them. We have learned a great deal about how to apply Nature's forces; but of their origin, what they really are, we know absolutely nothing. Trite again; but there is just here a constant quantity of ignorance to which we may always refer the overconfident philosopher who assumes to pass the limit of common human understanding.

Men are not always quacks when they give way to a sudden access of enthusiasm and proclaim a discovery which threatens the ancient barriers that guard life's awful secrets. At one time Dr. Elliott Coués thought he had without doubt discovered the soul of a bird. Many a savant has trembled when he felt what he sincerely believed was a waft of essential knowledge betraying the very heart of Nature. Pythagoras in his time came just as near hearing the very tune the spheres were playing as the astronomers of our day can come to seeing what the inhabitants of the moon or of Mars are doing. A few years ago we were on the point of surprising the cell in its obscure yet tremendously effective work of originating life. The "physical basis" was a phrase flung from distance to distance by the tongues of science, and the microscope was going to make the final disclosure; but upon the crucial test even the cell was no better to go by than a flight of birds or a reeling constellation.

Gravitation is but a name for mystery; heat and light and the flowing of air and water are just as inexplicable to us as they were to Pindar. We generate electricity and chain it to our wheels, yet we can no more account for it than for our own heart-beats and nerve-action. The heathen in the oldest Egyptian time, when he saw the lightning rive the cloud, knew far less about machinery and the equation of forces than we know; but to the question, "What is lightning?" he could have answered just as nearly as we the last refinement of truth.

The trouble with us is that we do not realize how little we have advanced in the direction of ultimate discovery. We treat certain prime mysteries as if they were mere axioms, too simple and obvious for further examination. This, however, has always been a human weakness, and the strange men whom we call by the name of genius distinguish themselves by breaking these old axioms up into manageable fragments and building out of them new forms of poetry, philosophy, prophecy.

Each of these masters has his way of startling the world afresh and making it for a moment expect some disclosure which shall rob life of its mystery and remove or modify the tyranny of death.

The one vital advance, the one true biological increment of which we can boast over the high heathens is that we have lengthened the average of human life. Can we continue this increment through future years? If we can, here is the solution on scientific grounds; for it is known that Nature moves slowly, with lingering steps, not by cataclysms.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

Happiness does not depend on money, but it certainly prospers on it.

Overheated Cars and Idiotic Passengers

EXCEPT on extremely cold days American railway cars are overheated to a scandalous degree, being at least ten degrees warmer than is healthful. Now if the reason that American men and American women come into these cars and keep on their coats and capes and wraps is because they like to be heated to the point of roasting, then are they salamanders and this editorial is not for them. But if they are lazy and keep on their ulsters and paletots because it is too much trouble to remove them, then they may learn the practice of wisdom from one of the humblest of travelers, remove their furs and shawls and overcoats, and be comfortable. And if they are merely absent-minded and wonder why they dread the daily ride to and from their suburban homes, then let me tell them loudly that it is because they forget to take off those outdoor wraps that they would never think of wearing in their own living rooms.

To a nervous man whose blood circulates freely, the spectacle of seemingly sane men and women buttoned up in garments of fur or other heavy stuffs when the temperature is exploring the tube in the neighborhood of ninety degrees is one calculated to plunge him into an untimely perspiration, and yet there is not a day in the winter when such a scene may not be witnessed wherever there are steam or fire heated steam railroads.

How can you stand it, fellow passengers? And how can you run the risk of letting that little boy of whom you are so fond keep his heavy pea jacket on when you know perfectly well that as soon as he reaches outside air he will be at the mercy of that biting nor'easter, with nothing extra to cover his shivering, because erstwhile superheated, body?

Disease stalks up and down the train like the vender of candies, crying in inaudible but none the less terrible tones: "Plenty of time before the train gets there to catch pneumonia, consumption, laryngitis and all the other unpopular ills! Keep your coats buttoned up while the brakeman hermetically seals the ventilators and runs the steam heat to the topmost notch!"

To-morrow, when the doctor calls you will say, "I'm sure I don't know how I caught cold, for I have kept myself so warm."

But your mortal enemy, the brakeman, could tell you. He and the fur wraps and that heavy ulster and the sizzling hot steam heat and the bad air and your crass idiocy all helped with a right good will. And if you escape pneumonia and have another chance to ride in the swiftly propelled infernos, do you think that you will remember what you have escaped and hang your little coat on the hook provided for that purpose?

—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

The Modern Revival in Political Oratory

On one of the buildings of Harvard University are seven sculptured heads, supposed to be those of the greatest orators of the world—Demosthenes the Greek, Cicero the Roman, St. Chrysostom the Syrian, Bossuet the Frenchman Chatham and Burke the Englishmen, and Daniel Webster the American. If any one should have any doubt whatever about the practical value of oratory, all he need do would be to read the lives of these seven men. They gave voice to the sentiments and the destinies of their peoples, and arrayed the forces of civilization and patriotism upon definite issues

In this country, at the close of the century, the office of the orator has undoubted usefulness. It has been said for many years that the multiplication of newspapers and printing would inevitably destroy the orator, but now we are beginning to see that in the very promiscuousness of modern education and publicity we need the work of eloquence to give direction to our statesmanship and politics. Even the newspapers need this service; and surely when the orator takes into consideration the broader view, he must appreciate the fact that never in the world's history was the opportunity so great as at present. Not only does he address a splendid concourse of people, but his thoughts go to millions of attentive readers within a dozen hours of their deliverance

New Congressmen and Old Precedents

For a long time it was the unwritten rule in both branches of Congress that the new man should sit patiently in his seat one or more years before daring to make a speech. In the House of Representatives a new member of ability usually succeeded in saying something in his second year, and, using this speech in his campaign for renomination, added in his own behalf, as a claim for his candidacy, that a man must be in Congress at least two years before amounting to anything, and that the constituents would therefore serve their own interests by reëlecting him; otherwise they would lose his experience. Thus it came about that in probably one-half of the Congressional districts of the United States it has been the rule to give every Representative two terms. As a matter of fact, the new member, if he has ability, is often a better Representative than the old stager, because he is fresher from the people and is better able to interpret their sentiments and desires

In the Senate the precedent of waiting, of sitting reverently at the feet of those who had served longer, was being carried to ridiculous extremes. We see now, however, that this modern custom in both Senate and House was largely due to the fact that great men of other generations naturally took the leadership of debates, and when the great men disappeared from public life the smaller ones maintained the etiquette for their own dignity

In recent Congresses there have come to the front new men fully equipped for their duties and sensibly determined to avail themselves of their rightful opportunities—and thus the precedents have been broken.

The Great Orators of Other Years

In this new order of things Congress is simply returning to its former habits. Randolph, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, the wonderful orators of the first half of the century, wasted no time in participating in the discussions. They took at once the place to which their abilities admitted them, and in the stress and strain of those strong, tense times which led to the Civil War, when passion ran high and collision drew the brightest sparks, there was a vigor in the oratory which was superb. The feeling of the times can be judged when such a man as Wendell Phillips, one of the greatest of our orators, who was as gentle and as winsome as a woman, would not honor Henry Clay or Daniel Webster even after death, because neither of them realized his abolition views.

The speakers of those times had larger opportunities not only in their themes, but by reason of the fact that both branches of Congress were much smaller than they are to-day, and were not held in check by cast-iron rules When Speaker Reed revolutionized the parliamentary government of the House of Representatives he made it a better business body, but he did not help its oratory. In many cases it was almost a humiliation for a member to get an opportunity to speak, for it had to be literally begged Speaker Henderson is not quite so strict, but his committee on rules keeps a tight hold upon the speechmaking.

Members of Congress Who Have Won Fame

The two men in the present Congress who, more than others, have made reputations by first speeches are Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and Representative Littlefield, of Maine. Mr Beveridge was criticised for presuming to make a set speech so early in his Senatorial career, but the criticism was answered by the performance; and not only his crowded audience and his colleagues, but the country itself applauded him. In the debate which ended in the exclusion of Roberts, the Mormon, from the House of Representatives, Mr. Littlefield, by the sustained excellence the clear reasoning and the eloquent expression of his speech, placed himself literally in the front ranks of Congressional orators; and again in pleading for Puerto Rico he deepened the first impression. His star is still rising When Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, first went into the Senate his brilliant oratory refused to remain quiet under the old precedents, and whenever he rises to speak the galleries are filled, and the newspapers print what he says. Senator Depew, a new member, has already made a set speech—and a good one, too. Representative John M. Allen, the famous humorist of Mississippi, by his inimitable drollery helped in the first years of his Congressional life to upset the same old precedents in the House; and thus it has gone on, until now a Congressman in either branch need not keep himself bottled up for fear of shocking the sensibilities of the older members.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD

JOHN M. ALLEN

EDWARD O. WOLCOTT

The General Demand for Good Speakers

One reason that the present is a great time for the orator is the fact that more people can appreciate good English and eloquent sentences. Indeed, the supply is not keeping up with the demand. There are of course many excellent people who think that they can be eloquent, but somehow they fail to impress others with their own confidence. Eloquence is something that cannot be made by training or by desire. The fire must be in the soul

Recently the present writer spent an evening with one of the most eloquent men in the United States. On his desk were letters by the dozen asking him to speak in six different States in the same week, the occasions being banquets and anniversaries, and there were telegrams from three of the principal cities of the country begging him to accept invitations to important functions. In one case letters and telegrams had poured in upon him for a full week, and two delegations from the same organization had come several hundred miles to get him to be their orator. Those who accept to the extent of their ability practically have every moment of their time mortgaged. But few men have been able to stand the strain, because it generally means midnight hours and insufficient rest. Some of the wisest of them have chosen between a post-prandial reputation and time and strength for public service. Eventually it may be that our speechmaking will be arranged so that every great banquet shall have its special political usefulness and significance.

Congress as a School of Oratory

After all, however, the chief forums must be the Senate and the House of Representatives. More and more Washington becomes the centre of our interests. The big questions there concern all, and every one who studied the tendencies of the past decade has observed how much more attention is being paid each year to the work and the character of Congress. There is a physical reason for this. A speech goes further from there than from any other point. It is read by more people. Another thing is that the most perfect record of what is said is kept in the archives and proceedings of the Nation The fact that we have the differences of time in the United States, and that our Capital is well within the first

makes it possible that any speech or debate with telegraphing can be placed before the

the country in the morning. Indeed, often the afternoon papers contain the full details. And the modern orator, however much he may strive to arouse his immediate audience, never forgets the millions of the newspapers. Thus Washington, as the best and most accurately reported place in the world, has advantages that statesmanship needs

The Larger Field in the Presidential Year

In a few months, however, the orators will be doing their best all over the country. Speechmaking is the show part of a campaign. Every party man who has the gift of saying things well and holding the attention of a crowd is asked to participate. The opportunities are abundant and attractive, and nearly all of our public men began in that way. It is the real American school of eloquence, and it has some of the best graduates the world has ever known. Of course the simple experience on the stump breeds extravagance of statement and manner, but these things are generally smoothed down if the man gets into public life

There is where Congress becomes a post-graduate school It is often called the graveyard of village reputations, but more than that it is the fortune or the finish of local eloquence. If the orator can combine the force and commonsense of his district with the higher demands of the national forum, he will soon take his place among the few men who are honored for their balance as well as for their brilliancy The criterion of oratory is the result "A good speech is a good thing," said O'Connell, "but the verdict is the thing"

In Ebenezer Pulpit
A Story of Jim-Ned Creek
By M. E. M. Davis

I

THE Rev. John Skaggs sat in the box-pulpit awaiting the conclusion of the hymn which, sung according to a time-honored custom by a sister in good standing in the church, invariably followed the sermon.

The pulpit of Ebenezer Church had a ramshackle and unstable appearance; it was in reality perfectly safe. The underpinning and the scantlings by which it held on to the wall were of seasoned post oak; the hewn floor was half a foot thick. The bench within was correspondingly sturdy. Otherwise it must long ago have crashed beneath Elder Groves, the Baptist, who preached at Ebenezer the second Sunday in every month; or splintered under Parson Daniel, the Soul Sleeper, who, at irregular intervals, hurled fire and brimstone from Ebenezer pulpit.

These reverend gentlemen, who—pitted against each other in Christian debate—sometimes sat side by side on the pulpit bench were uncommonly hefty. Brother Skaggs, the Methodist circuit rider, however, was lean and lank, and would have been comparatively safe even had the box been as uncertain as it looked. He occupied it the first and third Sundays of the month, leaving the fourth to a New School Presbyterian, whose written sermons were heard with grave disapproval by the Ebenezer congregation.

Brother Skaggs on this particular Sunday morning listened devoutly while Sister Beasley's voice vibrated shrill and insistent on the warm September air:

> "P-a-a-ans of vic-to-ree
> Cr-owns of glo-er-ee,
> P-a-a'ms of vic-to-ree
> We shell wear!"

The congregation, take it all in all, listened decorously. There was, as usual, a little flutter around the place where Polly Maria Pinson was sitting; and some of the children tittered audibly when Pap Beasley, nodding in the amen corner, thumped his bald head against the wall. But saint and sinner for the most part remained stolidly attentive through the interminable hosanna. As the last note quavered into silence and the singer reached down into her pocket for her snuff box the preacher arose.

"Bretheren and sisters," he announced solemnly, "there will be no preachin' in this church for three Sundays hand runnin'——"

"Glory be!" shouted Mr. Beasley, his habit of backing up the preacher sticking to him even in his slumbers. His wife poked a finger in his ribs, and Mr. Newt Pinson groaned aloud in a laudable endeavor to cover the blunder.

"Elder Groves," continued the preacher, "is to meet Parson Daniel in debate next Sunday at Fork Valley schoolhouse; I myself must attend Quarterly Meeting the following Sunday; and Brother Milford (the Presbyterian) will be unable to fill his regular appointment this month. On the first Sunday of next month, God willing, I will be here to point out to you the error of your ways. Let us pray."

Mr. Tolliver, the Jim Ned Creek school teacher, knelt down with the sanctified. He was not a professing member, but he held religion in great respect; and he always conformed to the ritual of that branch of the church militant which chanced to occupy Ebenezer pulpit. He even knelt in prayer on the Presbyterian Sunday. On the present occasion he remained on his knees some seconds after the Rev. Skaggs' long drawn amen. When he stood up he had, as Mrs. Pinson, sitting near him, afterward recalled, "a cur'us look out'n his eyes."

He responded courteously but absently to the familiar greetings of the women lingering within the church to exchange neighborhood gossip, and to the hearty salutations of the men grouped about the hitching posts outside.

"Ole Toll 'll stump his big toe ef he don't look out," remarked Joe Trimble facetiously, glancing at him as he unhitched a slab sided mule and prepared to mount. "What in thunderation business hez a man got teachin' of school anyhow!" Mr. Trimble continued in a reflective tone. "Twelve year an' better the ole man hez been school teachin on Jim-Ned, an' what's he got? Not even a dern steer!"

"Shet up, Joe!" interrupted Tobe Cullum good humoredly; "much steer you'd have yo'se'f if it wa'nt for Mis' Trimble."

"He knows enough Greek an' Latin, old Toll does, to down the Governor of Texas,' said Sid Northcutt, following the movements of the pedagogue with his handsome, lazy eyes, "but he ain't got as much horse-sense as a blind mole. You can fool him as easy as lyin'! Why, day before yesterday me an Jack Carter gave him——"

The story was cut short by the sudden appearance of Miss Pinson. She came out of the church and sprang unassisted upon the horse block, where she stood looking like a butterfly poised for flight. Her pink muslin skirts were gathered coquettishly in one hand; with the other she held the flattering ribbons of her wide-brimmed straw hat.

Polly Maria Pinson was, at this time, far and away the prettiest girl on Jim-Ned Creek. She was slim and graceful, with dancing brown eyes, and a wealth of red-gold hair that tumbled in ringlets about the whitest neck in the world. She had a saucy tongue to her head, and an adorably hot temper; and she enjoyed the distinction of having been expelled from Mr. Tolliver's school for disobedience and inattention three times in as many consecutive school terms.

Miss Pinson also gazed after the teacher now jogging slowly across the shinnery prairie in the direction of Pap Beasley's farm, where he boarded.

Hateful old thing! It gives me the lever-'n'-ague just to look at him," she declared with a toss of her head and an affected shiver. "I de*spise* him! He studyin' this minute how he's goin' to keep me in next session, an' set an' look at me t'gh! I'll show him!"

For Polly Maria, despite her misdemeanors, her seventeen years, and her belledom [illegible] yet "shet" of school.

"Miss Polly Maria," cried Mr. Northcutt gallantly, "you can't blame Old Toll for wantin' to keep you in; nor for settin' an' lookin' at you! 'Most any of us would do that if we could!"

Mr. Tolliver heard the shout of laughter which greeted this speech, and glanced back over his shoulder. He saw the pink and white, big hatted figure on the horse block and the ring of men and boys below; and he knew by past experience that his rebellious and unmanageable pupil was ridiculing him.

But something unwonted within his inmost being assuaged the pang which this knowledge would otherwise have given him. A curious look, indeed, shone in his eyes—a look of exaltation, of determination. "Yes," he murmured half aloud, as Pap Beasley's plough-mule trotted lazily across the shinnoak prairie and entered the scraggy shadows of the post-oak rough beyond. "Yes, there is sufficient time. I will adventure it. *I will do it!*"

Mr. Tolliver was a short, rotund man with a homely, pleasant face, deep set, blue eyes, and a courtly though timid bearing. He was barely thirty three years old. But on Jim Ned Creek, where marrying and giving in marriage begin early, a bachelor of thirty-three is a sort of aged monstrosity. Why, Sam Leggett, three years his junior, was the father of five blooming young Leggetts; Bob Granger, three years his senior, was a jovial grandfather.

A dozen years before the beginning of this story, Mr. Tolliver, fresh from college, had drifted into West Texas, a sickly lad in search of health. During the greater part of the time since he had—to use his own whimsical phraseology—"instructed the youth (both sexes) of James Edward Creek." With returning health had come, in earlier days, first a vigorous determination, then a mild purpose, finally a lazily postponed resolve to return to his natal hills.

But any mortal who has breathed the primitive, simple, honest, kindly atmosphere of a frontier neighborhood—one who has heard the whirr of partridge wings and the fitful dropping of pecan-nuts along Jim-Ned in October, or followed the coon dogs across the creek bottom on a crisp winter midnight, or smelled the wild-plum blossoms in spring time, or loafed on a summer evening around Bishop's Store swapping stories with "the boys"—such an one will understand why Mr. Tolliver stayed on and on, sometimes dreaming of his modest but comfortable inheritance in old Virginia, but oftener forgetting all about it, and meekly enduring Mrs. Beasley's leaky shed room, her unspeakable cookery and her shrill tongue, and the perpetual insults of Polly Maria Pinson.

Utterly, indeed, he had acknowledged to his secret soul certain new, half defined and wholly hopeless reasons for staying on, teaching school at Ebenezer—when the children were not picking cotton; at other times poring over his well thumbed books and cluttering the shed-room with curious specimens from the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

At this moment, however, all other considerations were overridden by a mighty determination.

"There is time," he repeated, turning in at the Beasley gate. "I will adventure. I will succeed."

The next morning Sammy Beasley, [illegible] n, bounced weeping and wailing upon the back porch where the family sat at breakfast. "M-m-maw," he blubbered, "Mrs Hambledon ain't on her nes' 'N I c-can't find her no-w-where-s."

Mrs. Hamilton was a yellow legged "dominecker" hen, and Sammy's private property.

"Ye don't say," said his mother sympathetically; "I reckin a skunk must of got her. . . . Law, pap, pound Mr. Tolliver on the back! 'Pears like he's chokin' hisself to death!"

"Sumpin' shore is the matter with Mr Tolliver," she confided in the course of the next few days to Mrs Pinson and other gossips; "he ain't a mite like hisse'f. He acks plum cur'us. An' ever' blessed mornin' he pikes over to Ebenezer Church, same ez ef school was in session. Sammy seen him five mornin's han' runnin'."

"He's mournin'!" cried Mrs. Pinson. "I knowed it when I seen him git up offe'n his knees las' Sunday after Brother Skaggs prayer. Sho's you bawn he's mournin'!"

II

ON THE fourth Sunday of the same month, a little past noon, Mr. Tolliver rode up to Bishop's Store, dismounted, hitched his mule and strolled into the squat, unpainted building. He took a thick yellow bottle from his pocket and handed it to Bud Hines, the clerk, across the counter.

"Good morning, Bud," he said in his soft drawling tones; "Mrs. Beasley is out of snuff. Will you be kind enough—although it is Sunday—to fill her bottle? Also, will you please put up a plug of Niggerhead for Mr Beasley? Good morning, Mr Northcutt," he added, turning to that young gentleman, who was engaged in buckling to the heels of his riding boots a pair of gigantic silver spurs, "in which direction are you riding to day? And where," he glanced around the deserted store, "where are the other boys?"

"I'm goin' to church, Mr. Tolliver, I am bound for church," replied Sid, answering the first query. As he spoke he crossed the porch, leaped upon the horse, pawing and champing by the steps, and galloped away.

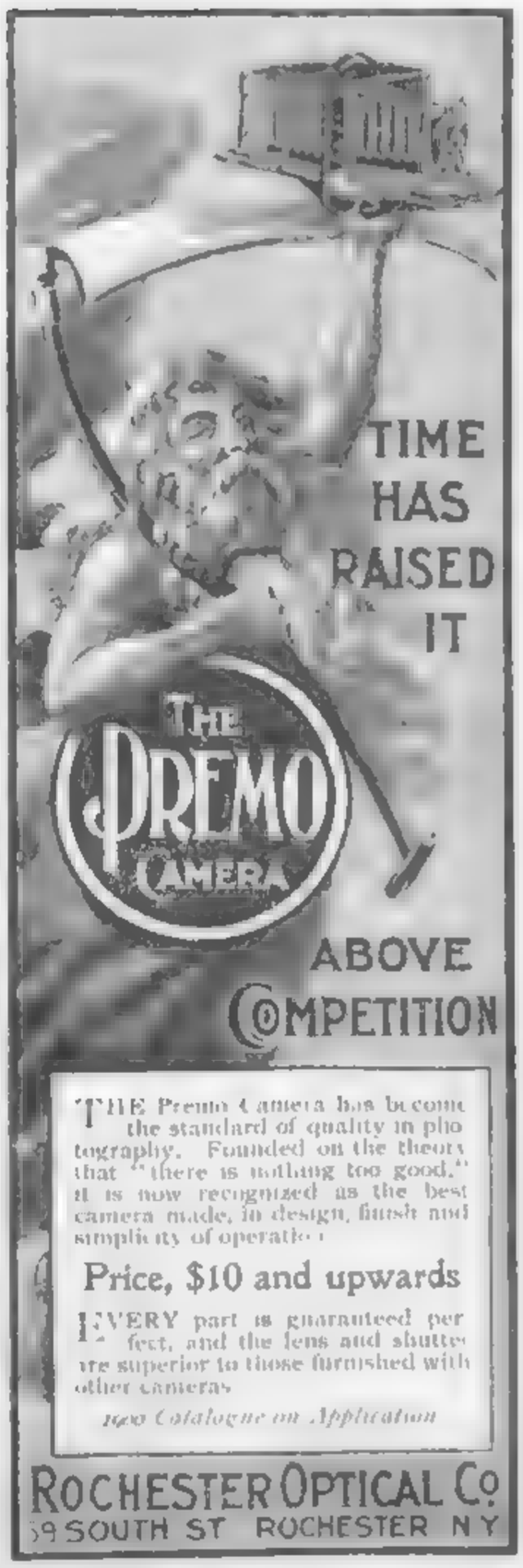
"To church?" echoed Mr. Tolliver, vaguely disquieted.

"The boys has all gone to Ebenezer Church," said Mr. Hines, ramming the stopper into the mouth of Mrs. Beasley's refilled snuff bottle.

"Ebenezer Church!" gasped Mr. Tolliver.

"Yes—sir—ree. Parson Dan'el has uprooted Ebenezer pul-*pit*. Ez soon ez that one-gallus Soul Sleeper heered Brother Milford wa'n't goin' to keep his app'intment he come a-buzzin'. Jack Carter rid around the preecink this mornin', spreadin' the news. The other boys went soon. Sid Northcutt, he don't keer, so's he gits there time enough to ride home with Polly Maria Pinson. Sid is plum stuck on Polly Maria. S-a-a-y, Mr. Tolliver! You've fergot Mrs. Beasley's [illegible]."

He ran out and called frantically after his customer, shaking the fat bottle above his head. But Mr. Tolliver, urging the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astonished mule to a gallop, was already far down the road and did not even turn his head

He heard the voice of Parson Daniel beating the air with wings of wrath long before he reached the little church set in a motte of live-oaks on the edge of the prairie. He slid in at the open door and dropped, pale and trembling, upon one of the back benches. A look of relief crossed his face as he surveyed preacher and congregation. The former had just begun to denounce the backsliders and to threaten the off-holders, by which token the latter, familiar with these powerful discourses, knew that the sermon proper was approaching its conclusion. Sleeping children were being shaken into shape; fans and handkerchiefs tucked into pockets; shoes slipped off for comfort, slyly pulled on

"Nothing has happened. Perhaps nothing will happen. I am safe!" groaned the teacher inwardly. He wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and leaned back, covering his face with his hand

"He's sho'e mournin'!" whispered Mrs Trimble to Mrs Pinson in high excitement. "Parson Dan'el kin pull him thro' ef anybody kin. Lord, ef he'll only come forrard!"

#

But Mr. Tolliver remained in his place when mourners were called; and the portly preacher finally sat down on the pulpit bench and began to line out the closing hymn

"Where, now, is good old Moses?
Where, now, is old Moses?
He went up from the top of Nebo,
He went up

He stopped, a queer look dawning into his large face. Those sitting near the pulpit heard a sudden click a sound like the cocking of a pistol it seemed to come from under the preacher's feet. He waited a moment frowningly expectant, then cleared his throat and repeated

"He went up from the top of——"

#

An angry squawk interrupted him belligerent cock which brought him standing. He glared about him, irate and mystified. At the same moment a yellow-legged, woe-begone, well-nigh featherless hen bustled from under the pulpit bench and hopped noisily down the pulpit steps

She was followed topsy-turvy by half a dozen fluffy golden balls which rolled after her and ran about the aisles, cheeping distractedly

There was an interval of bewildered silence, in the midst of which Sammy Beasley darted from the amen corner, scrambling after the clucking hen and screaming at the top of his lungs: "Whoop-ee! whoop-ee! Mis' Hambledon! Mis' Hambledon!"

"Ye limb o' sin an' Satan!" cried Pap Beasley, puffing down the aisle. "How'd ye dassen to set that dominecker in Ebenezer pul*pit*? How'd ye dassen?

I never! I never!" screamed Sammy "I wisht I may die ef I set her She's gone an' stole a nes' in that pul-*pit*

But Parson Daniel, reaching under the pulpit bench, had dragged forth a tell-tale candle box carefully lined with straw. He placed this on the pulpit shelf and surveyed with righteous anger the giggling crowd

"Where," he roared, "where is the rep'robate? Where is the ——"

"Have the goodness to be silent a moment, Parson Daniel." It was Mr. Tolliver who was speaking. He had mounted the pulpit steps. "*Mea culpa*—that is to say, *I* set that hen," he went on, wincing visibly at a mocking peal of laughter from Miss Pinson "I intended no disrespect to Ebenezer pulpit when I did it. But I ask the pardon of Parson Daniel and of all professing church members here present. If anybody else has anything to say about it," he concluded defiantly, "I am ready to settle it outside of the church."

A profound hush attested to the respect in which at bottom the school-teacher was held by his neighbors. Not a sound disturbed his progress down the aisle except the impotent protests of Mrs Hamilton, by this time

—"I'VE COME TO FETCH YOU YOUR CHICKENS"

tightly squeezed under her owner's arm But the Jim Nedlders, who would have shared their last nickel with him, or shed their last drop of blood for him, could not withstand the relish of this exquisite joke on Old Toll A howl of laughter followed him to the hitching-post, it swept him, in spite of his physical and moral courage, into the saddle, and pursued him in fitful gusts across the [illegible]

Parson Daniel dismissed the congregation, and Sid Northcutt finished the story interrupted three Sundays earlier.

"Me an' Jack Carter," he said between spasms of mirth, "painted up some hen eggs—streaked 'em an' spotted 'em with pokeberry juice—an' gave 'em to Old Toll. We told him we'd found 'em over on Rastler's Creek; an' we discribed the wild hen that laid 'em, exactly like a picture the old man had showed us in one of his dern big dictionary-books. He was mighty interested. He said if that was the case, gentlemen, the eggs was a valuable discovery, bein' as the fowl in the dictionary belonged to an extink specie. He was plum tickled, said he'd hatch them eggs if he could get holt of a settin' hen, an' a place where them Beasley children wouldn't torment her Said he wanted to watch the habits of the fowls that come out of them eggs, gentlemen, an' if they turned out to be that extink specie, he'd write to some dern long-named society at Washington"—Mr. Northcutt imitated to perfection Mr. Tolliver's gentle drawl

Who in thunder would have thought he'd go to work to set Sammy Beasley's dominecker hen in Ebenezer pulpit!" Mr. Northcutt went on. "He ain't got no more sense than a blind mole. You can fool him easy as lyin'," he concluded, turning for approval and applause to Miss Pinson

That young person had picked up the chickens and was holding them in her upgathered pink muslin skirts She had laughed long and loudly while Mr Tolliver was within hearing. Now she turned savagely upon his persecutors.

"Mr. Tolliver *may* not have your *horse-sense*, Mr. Sidney Northcutt," she cried in a clear, ringing voice, "but he is a *gentleman* and worth a *million* of you—and of all the balance of you standin' around Ebenezer pulpit makin' fun of him!"

She flashed her angry eyes from one to another, scorching even the indignant preacher with their fire. Then, with blazing cheeks and head erect, she marched down the aisle and through the door, unhitched her horse, jumped into the saddle without her riding skirt, and rode off toward Beasley's with the chickens

Sid Northcutt followed her to the horse-block mechanically and watched her out of sight, with jaws dropped and eyes fairly starting out of their sockets

The rest of the congregation stared, one at another, in dumb amazement

#

Mr Tolliver stabled the mule and seated himself on the deserted porch at Beasley's There was a fine view under his eyes; but Mr Tolliver saw nothing of the familiar landscape. What he did see was a slight figure in a pink muslin frock, what he heard was a single rippling peal of mocking laughter. And the more he saw in his mind's eye that pink-clad figure, the more he heard in fancy the girlish laughter of his impertinent pupil, the more unbearable grew the mixed emotions which stormed and contended in his soul. He leaped to his feet, clenching his fist; and at that moment Old Toll was no longer old, or meek, or even homely! He was transformed, like the prince in a fairy tale, into a young, middling handsome and extremely wrathful man I shall not stop at keeping her in next term, he roared. "Neither will I expel her as heretofore. I will . . . I will *whip* her, —— if I don't!"

"Please, Mr. Tolliver," said Polly Maria, in the softest of voices at his elbow, "I've come to fetch you your chickens. They ain't nothin' in this livin' world but yellow-legged domineckers, but I'll raise 'em for you, if you'll let me. And, oh, Mr. Tolliver, I knew my les-les-lessons all the t-time, and I didn't want to be so sa-sa-sassy! I just w-wanted you to no-notice me, and you w-w-wouldn't!"

"Why, Polly Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Tolliver, a wave of doubt, curiosity, ecstasy crossing his face. And then——!

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900

I HAVE certainly been reminded during this last week of the spectator who, perched upon the highest seat under the canvas tent at the "Greatest Show on Earth," was overcome in trying to keep her eyes upon all three rings at once. She feared that if she lingered too long upon the marvelous equestrienne who was just about to burst through the beautiful white paper hoop in the first ring, the clown in the middle ring would crack his whip and the trick horse would be put through some intricate dance; and, in turn, if she watched the clown and the trick horse, the human fly in the third ring would begin her suicidal walk across the arena, head down.

So it is with me: I have been afraid that if I lingered long amid the wonderful parliamentary performances of the Daughters I'd miss some of the social doings in the middle ring where the smart set is being put through the closing tricks of the season, and in stopping too long in this middle ring I'd lose altogether the walk across the political arena of the Republican party in its effort to pass the Puerto Rican bill; and I am sighing because the human family is *not* constructed with steel springs and gutta percha joints, together with that most desirable thing which the author of My Summer in a Garden speaks of—"a cast-iron back with a hinge in it"—for all these things are indispensable to the woman who has, as I have, the ambition to see every side of life here at the Capital.

Robert says it is ridiculous of me to undertake so much, and he has been finding a good deal of fault with me lately. He says that I am letting my woman's feelings and sympathies run away with my judgment, and that in the matter of these public questions I am [illegible] and am trying to sweep him, by mere abstract sentimentalities, and that I confound two things, "public good" and "public policy."

The truth is, I am alarmed secretly at the change in Robert's attitude toward many of these vital questions. I can remember a time only some months back when Robert was outspoken upon two topics, "trusts" and "civil service reform." He made a stump speech against the former and denounced those who were trying to break down the latter, and where does he stand now on both questions? He will not admit that his attitude is changed, but he no longer speaks of "trusts"; he calls them "corporations" and "monopolies."

When I was talking to Senator P—— about trusts the other day, he only laughed with Robert and entered upon a long argument in favor of corporations which did not convince me in the least. True, I did not understand very much of it. But they both admitted that almost all legislation [illegible] a matter of policy rather than of politics and will continue to be so until the campaign is over. I said that I could not see any difference between the two words "politics" and "policy." Senator P—— said:

"These words Bulwer defines in this way: 'Politics is the art of being wise for others—policy of being wise for self.'"

"Oh, you mean, Senator P——, that 'self' in this case means the Republican party, but let me tell you that if you [illegible] to go before the country with this present Puerto Rican policy the Republican toga is likely to be torn to shreds, and what you are pleased to call a victory to-day you may have to call by another name at the polls. You may have to exclaim, as Pyrrhus did, 'Such another victory would be worse than a defeat.' It would, perhaps, be wise to remind you legislators, who are thinking so much of your policy, of what old Solon said, 'It is a good government only under which a wrong to the humblest is an affront to us all.'"

"But Agatha," said Robert in a nettled tone, "you do not understand this measure. It is simply a temporary expedient. I will confess that it is something in the nature of 'skinning the sheep rather than shearing them,' and I am not in sympathy with it; neither is Senator P——. I doubt if even half the majority likes it at heart, but we could not have a split in our ranks. We were obliged to keep a strong party front and nothing better was offered in place of this bill, and we were confronted by certain conditions which the public does not appreciate. How will you deal with it in the Senate, Senator P——?"

Well, Slocum, I am not in sympathy with this tariff measure. I do not think it is constitutional, and I fully believe that it is a case of bad politics. Of course, when it comes to the Senate it will have to travel the same hard road that all such measures do that come from the House. We must pass it with changes and amendments. You remember that the McKinley Tariff Bill had eight hundred changes in it before it became a law. But I certainly take the same ground on this bill that Littlefield did. What a rarely good speaker Littlefield is! But why did he not retort to Tawney's insinuation the other day that the lumber barons of Maine were at the bottom of his advocacy of free trade with Puerto Rico?

"Some of us did ask him why he let it pass, and his reply was to repeat that old story of the huge Virginian who had a diminutive wife with whom he quarreled continually, and the wife used to stick pins in him whenever she got mad. Somebody asked him why he did not retaliate, and he said, 'Oh, well, it amuses Lucy and does not hurt me any.'

The two men laughed at this, and the Senator said:

"He couldn't have made a more pertinent reply, considering the mental height of the two men." Robert asked:

"By the way, Senator P——, you were at that dinner the other night given by the new Secretary of the Senate to the party leaders in this Puerto Rican business, and I understood that Tom Reed came down and was expected to help the party out of the embarrassment which the powerful oratory of Littlefield threw the Ways and Means Committee into. How did the dinner go off?"

"Fairly well. There was rather a stormy time, of course, and it looked once as though there might be an open rupture until Henderson took hold of things. He certainly exerts a marvelous influence when he gives one of his little 'harmony' talks. This new speaker of yours, Slocum, is making a good record and I hear that the way in which he is withstanding importunities for unworthy legislation is remarkable, and that those who go to his little office at the far end of the lobby to ask for recognition to pass private bills don't come away and shake their fists as they used to do when refused, for this man seems to know how to say 'no' without giving offense. Of course the real test of the man's staying qualities has not come yet; that will come later in the supreme moment of the session."

"Yes," said Robert, "I am told that the relations in the House are more harmonious and more pleasant than they've been in years. By the way, Senator, how is your committee on the Clark case coming along? What is the report likely to be?"

"I don't think we know yet; perhaps we sha'n't ever know. We all agree that it is a bad business, but what we shall do I cannot of course, presume to say. Mr. Clark made a pretty good impression before the committee when he testified in his own behalf. His personality is so intensely refined, almost effeminate, and his manner, though nervous, was so modest that he made some friends in the committee.

"Oh! this whole Clark case has been an education to our committee. The cool way in which both Clark, Senior, and Clark, Junior, talked of their millions was something to be long remembered by us all. When young Clark admitted that his own income was $250,000 a year and his father's income was between one and two millions, this was too much for Mr. Hoar and he whispered audibly that it was 'high time there was an income tax.' Mr. Hoar has been very funny all through this investigation. When Marcus Daly was testifying the other day and Mr. Hoar was trying to check the line of inquiry as to the motive—a Democrat had in opposing another Democrat, he said, 'I will rule that being a Democrat is no evidence of a disposition to commit a political crime.' Faulkner asked at once for a further ruling as to the offense of a Democrat opposing a Democrat: 'then I will say,' said Hoar, 'that repentance of being a Democrat is not a crime.' You can fancy the uproar at this amendment.

"But, Mrs. Slocum, I hope you are not meaning to desert the Senate for the House. You have not been in our gallery for some days," said the Senator turning to me.

"Oh, but you have not been passing the Puerto Rican Bill, and I am like the street gamin—I always follow the show no matter how bad it may be," I replied.

For in truth the House as seen from the galleries during the debate on this bill was a veritable "show." And the final day when the vote was taken was something to remember. To see gray-bearded men gyrating up and down the aisles, or whirling from desk to desk like dancing dervishes, buttonholing, gesticulating, jeering, shouting, nay, even crying, either with delight or indignation, was a highly edifying spectacle, and Robert was among the worst in point of behavior on the floor. From the time that Mr. Cummings, at

MR. MARCUS DALY, WHO TESTIFIED THE OTHER DAY

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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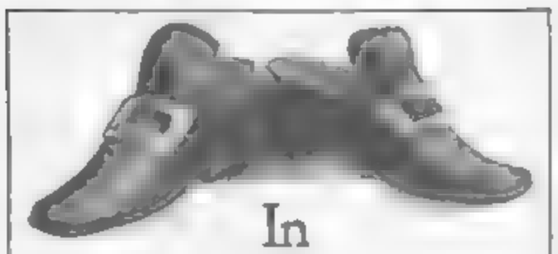

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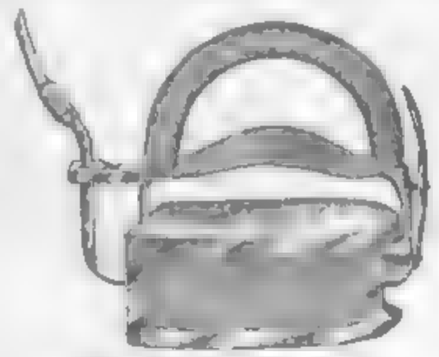

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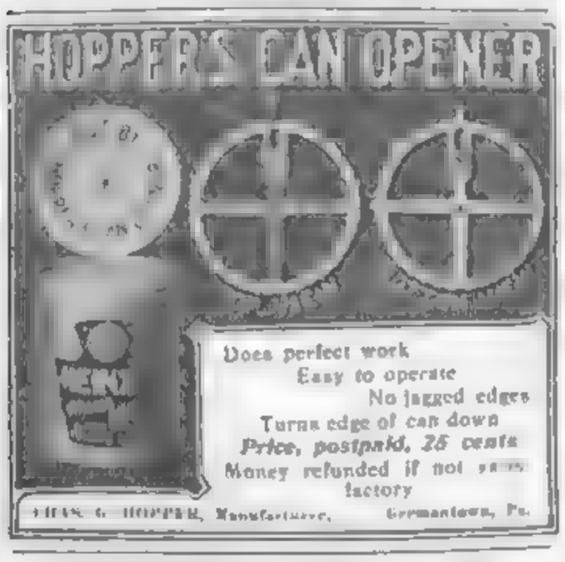

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the very height of the debate, perpetrated his remarkable joke—the beginning of which sent the entire majority into a pandemonium of delight, and the ending sent the minority into paroxysms of cheers and shouts—down to the time that Mr. Sibley got off his poetry and Mr. Otie took off "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and little Mr. Spight appeared with scant clothing under his tightly buttoned up overcoat, having been suddenly called from his bath in the sub basement the House of Representatives was enough to strike consternation to the heart of the uninitiated When the excitement was at its highest I glanced around me to note how other people were taking it The galleries were as excited and almost as uncontrolled as the floor itself There was but one calm, unperturbed face anywhere to be seen. I called Page's attention to this face, and she explained that it belonged to one of the clerks who pass in and out of the committee-rooms and who are the real connoisseurs of Congressmen. This young fellow was leaning against the gallery doorpost, and he was a type of the withered, experienced, unimpressionable youth which is evolved from those who start as pages and go on in the committee rooms year after year. He had his hands in his pockets, and on his face was a superior, pitying expression, and when there was an unusual uproar from below he said to the doorkeeper musingly

"Aren't they funny?'

'MR. ROAR HAS BEEN VERY FUNNY"

I could not help thinking that he was as funny as anything in the whole day's experiences had been to me. I was glad when the House finally got down to the vote. It was the first time that I ever found the roll call interesting, much less exciting, as on this occasion When the whole thing was over, Page and I made our way slowly out of the gallery. I was down hearted over the result and was determined to take it out on Robert when I got home for his vote on the question. It seemed to me that I saw receding the dream of the Senate. Page was unusually silent, and at last I felt a curiosity to know how this young girl regarded the day's proceedings. Page rarely mentioned politics and never seemed to know or care anything about these matters, although I knew her to be a fierce little Democrat. I said:

"Page, what do you think of all that has been done to-day?"

"Well, Mrs. Slocum, Ah think those pore things down in Po'to Rico will jus' have to starve it out. Ah think your party means to do by these pore things about like they did to us after the War, an' Ah think if my party would jus' let go of Mr. Bryan we could beat you at the polls nex' November."

I echoed Page's sentiments and we passed down the marble stairs in silence. We had just crossed the threshold of Statuary Hall when we were overtaken by some one who spoke Page's name. It was Mr. Morelos, Alain de Courcelles' friend. He had been sitting in the diplomatic gallery and had hurried out to speak to us. It was evident that he wished to have some word apart with Page, so I sauntered ahead, ostensibly to look at the different marble figures disposed about the hall. I was looking idly at the spirited statue of Ethan Allen, when I discovered that I was close upon the confines of that pathetic corner where so many women office-seekers await their "influence," and where are daily enacted scenes that would bring tears to all but the hard-hearted. I peered around into the carpeted interior of this corner, then drew back suddenly, for a well-known Senator, attended by his private secretary, was being interviewed by a poor, middle-aged woman whose anxious, harassed look told its own tale of poverty and hope deferred. I heard the Senator say with scant courtesy

Well, my good woman; what is it?"

I could not catch the low, dejected reply I could only hear his loud voice in return.

"How many times must I tell you that I am doing all that I can and that there is every prospect of my getting you a place? I think I see a chance. The quota for your State is already full, still, with pressure brought to bear, I think I can manage something. Now, go home. Don't worry. Leave everything in my hands and it will be all right."

The woman turned away with a glow of confidence that fairly transfigured her face As soon as she had disappeared over the last "whispering stone" this Senator, whose polished eloquence I had so admired in the Senate chamber, said roughly to his secretary

"I have to tell 'em that to pacify 'em. Of course I can't do anything really for her, and I wish you'd see to it that I'm not bothered by any more of 'em. I've told those rascally pages not to bring me cards nor tell 'em where I am."

I was glad that the great, sheltering figure of the statue prevented me from having to encounter this suave Senator as he strode away; I was in no mood for a gracious bow after what I had heard, and, besides, politicians and statesmen were below par with me just then. But suddenly a softening memory came to me of the terrible way in which public men are pursued by office seekers. Robert himself had declared only a few days before that women office-seekers were enough to make misogynists of all Congressmen, and that he never nowadays hears the frou-frou of a silken skirt but he turns pale with dread lest it is some one seeking an office which it will be as impossible to shake off as the Old Man of the Sea.

"MR FAULKNER ASKED FOR A FURTHER RULING"

When I looked around finally for Page I saw her coming toward me with Mr. Morelos They were talking earnestly and there was something unusual in her manner, and there was a glow on her face that had long been absent from it She held in her hands what looked like a folded newspaper or a bit of a letter. I had not remembered that she had had anything but a silver fox muff in her possession when we came to the Capitol that morning. They joined me and we all three turned our steps to the rotunda. Scarcely had the carriage door been shut and he had bowed himself away, than I asked apprehensively:

"What is it, Page? What has happened?"

"Ah sca'cely know yet, Mrs. Slocum; Mr. Morelos gave me these to read, but Ah'll have to wait till we get home. It is some news about Mr. de Cou'celles. Ah'll tell you all Ah know as soon as we get home."

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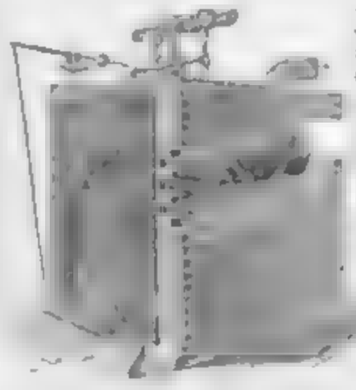

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The "Apple King's" April Fool

By Wilder D. Quint

ONE bright and sunny afternoon a little party of three sat in the cosy reading room of the American Club in one of the large German cities. Each in his own way was an excellent type of the [illegible] of the land across the sea. Doctor Bacon, bland, smiling and rotund, was a very successful dentist who earned large fees in this city of his adoption. George Marsh, a younger man, nervous and energetic, was the resident consul, and an alert promoter of his country's interests. The third was remarkably tall and thin, and his solemn, smooth shaven face and the spectacles he wore gave him a professional air and an appearance of deep wisdom which he did not in reality possess. His name was Cyrus Barstow, though he was known in his native State of New Hampshire as the "Apple King," on account of the immense orchards he owned and the large foreign export business he successfully [illegible]. He was in Germany to make the acquaintance of his customers and to advance the doctrine of vegetarianism, as applied to apples, to the best of his ability. Shrewd in business, he was as simple as a child in all social matters, and the ways of the polite world were to him an untrodden path; but of these deficiencies he was not at all aware.

"Now, Barstow," the jolly Doctor Bacon was saying, "you know this is All-Fools' Day, and these Germans set considerable store by its traditions. You'd better keep your weather eye open during the rest of the day. You may have streamers tied to your coat tails by the street boys, or perhaps your sausage at dinner will be stuffed with chopped up leather. At any rate, you'll be very lucky if you escape some joke or other. You look like a savant, and savants are always fair game."

"Don't you worry about me," returned the somewhat nettled "Apple King"; "I wasn't born yesterday, Doctor, and I cut my eye teeth a good long time ago. I ain't been fooled for years, and if either of you think——"

But the end of Cyrus' defiance was never heard, for at this moment a solemn lackey entered the room, bearing a yellow envelope on a silver tray. It was addressed, "Herr Barstow," in the script of the Teutons. It was a curious coincidence that Doctor Bacon had touched a button in the wall about ten seconds before the [illegible] in appeared.

Cyrus tore open the envelope eagerly; it was an answer to some business proposition, he thought. Then the joy on his face faded.

"Written in this confounded Dutch, of course," he ejaculated. "Here, Doctor, read it for me, will you? You're up on that sort of thing."

Doctor Bacon began running over the message silently. First he whistled softly; then he exclaimed, as if to himself, "Well, well!" Finally he burst out with, "Cyrus, this is great—simply great!"

"What is it? What is it?" repeated the impatient "Apple King."

"Just this—it's the greatest honor that can possibly come to a foreigner visiting this city; it's a thing that comes to a man but once in a lifetime, and even then to very few. Translated into prosaic English it is this:

"'Prince Von Z—— commands Mr. Cyrus Barstow, the American "Apple King," to dine at the palace at seven this evening, and sleep there as His Excellency's guest over night.'"

The Prince Von Z—— be [illegible]! shouted Cyrus. "I'm a free American citizen, and nobody commands me in Germany or anywhere else. I won't go a step!"

"Softly, Barstow, softly," said the Doctor; this is in reality the politest request imaginable, only Princes can't unbend, you know. You are a marked man. But how in the world did the Prince know you were in town?"

"Easy enough. I paid for notices three inches long in every paper in the city. Wrote 'em myself, and let the editors do the translating. The Prince had seen 'em, of course. I said I was staying at the American Club, and made it strong on the 'Apple King' part. That did the business. I guess I'll go, after all."

Accordingly, early that evening Mr. Cyrus Barstow, uncomfortable in a brand new claw hammer suit for which he had been roundly charged in a German clothing shop, set forth for the palace in the most magnificent public equipage that could be obtained. In a small black hand bag were the articles needed for his stay overnight. In cheerful mood he bowled along the fine streets, suspecting no guile. He did not know that not far behind him was a cab containing Doctor Bacon and Consul Marsh, and that he was the subject of their conversation.

The carriage ahead finally stopped at the splendid iron gateway of the Prince's palace, and the plotters saw the tall form of their victim emerge and approach the small side gate at which stood the guard. In another instant the "Apple King" had disappeared within its portals. The two gazed at each other in the greatest astonishment. Was it an optical illusion? No, they were both keen of sight, and they were wide awake. Barstow must soon reappear, and they would wait for him. But the minutes lengthened into an hour, and still there were no signs of their fellow-countryman. Then they were driven back to the American Club, where they could discuss the mystery at their leisure.

DRAWN BY HARRY C. EDWARDS

—"IT'S THE GREATEST HONOR THAT CAN POSSIBLY COME TO A FOREIGNER VISITING THIS CITY"

When the American's carriage had driven up to the gate of the Prince Von Z——'s residence, that potentate's much-bedecked guard had been duly impressed by the elegance of the conveyance; when he caught sight of the small black bag in Cyrus' hand an expression of satisfaction passed over his stolid face. He opened wide the postern and stood at stiff salute.

Der Mediziner?" he inquired anxiously.

Yar, the American; yar, yar, of course," returned the unsuspecting Cyrus, delighted with the opportunity of airing one half the German of which he was possessed.

The guard pulled a knob near at hand, and in a few moments a couple of flunkeys gorgeously attired in scarlet and blue were bowing and scraping before the "Apple King," who was much impressed at this sign of condescension on the part of princely retainers. He followed them without a word up an immense marble stairway and into the great reception hall of the palace. The polished floor, the richly decorated walls, the fine paintings and other works of art, the columns of rare and costly stone, and over all the glittering splendor of hundreds of candles fairly overpowered the Yankee, whose previous ideal of magnificence had been the tinsel and stucco of a city theatre. He began to regret his temerity in accepting an invitation that involved so much spectacular formality. But he had no time to retreat, if he would. At the end of the hall a new delegation of lackeys took him in charge and escorted him up a broad flight of onyx steps of such delicacy and beauty that Cyrus felt many compunctions in treading upon them at all. Then they threaded a maze of noble corridors, turning and twisting, till at last they stood before a double door of rosewood on which were armorial bearings of encrusted gold. Two soldiers were at their post here and they eyed the newcomer suspiciously.

Der Mediziner," said one of Cyrus' escort, whereupon the guards presented arms, the doors opened softly, and Cyrus found himself to [illegible] the scene of dazzling splendor he felt certain awaited him.

Splendor there undoubtedly was in the room which the American entered, but it was not dazzling. In fact, one small candle placed near a can[illegible] was the only light in the [illegible] apartment. The astonished and bewildered "Apple King" could scarcely see where to step, and he certainly did not know how to proceed.

At this juncture a small man dressed in ministerial black approached Cyrus and addressed him with a remark of considerable length in German. Only the last words were intelligible; they sounded like "the Prince."

"Yes, the Prince—what about the Prince—where is he?" asked the puzzled American.

The other pointed solemnly to the bed.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Cyrus. He had resolved to be surprised at nothing that might befall him in the palace, but this was certainly remarkable. Then he remembered something he had heard about foreigners taking their meals in bed. He did not recall any information to the effect that guests were received in this way, but this nobleman was probably eccentric. At any rate, he would make the best of the situation. Hat in hand, he approached the couch with all the dignity he could muster.

"I am glad to see you, Prince," he began, "you needn't apologize, I——"

A very vigorous groan cut him short, and the occupant of the bed writhed unmistakably, as if in great pain. When the spasm

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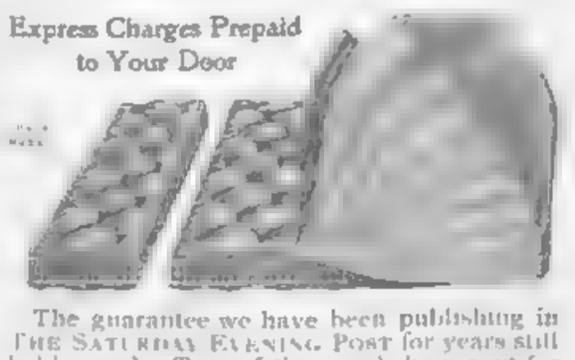

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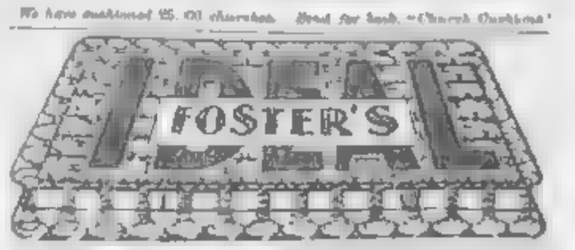

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had passed he sat up and looked at Cyrus in a surprised way

"An English doctor, eh?" he said, speaking the American's own tongue with perfect fluency. "Well, they're sometimes good, very good. I only ask that you cure me, and care not for your race."

Again a violent contortion of the bedclothes as the princely sufferer groaned: "Oh, Doctor, this colic, these terrible—what you call them—knots. The pain is too great. Give me of your assistance or I shall go mad."

Now the word "colic" is not usually a delight to the ear. It conjures up visions of some of the most unpleasant moments given to man. But to Cyrus it was the most welcome sound he had heard in Germany. He became suddenly exultant; he knew that his great opportunity had arrived.

"I ain't a doctor in the regular way, Prince," he began, "and I ain't English. I'm the American you——"

"Not a doctor?" roared the Prince; "then how do you come in here, and what for? By Himmel, out you shall go most rapidly!" and he shouted an order to the guards, who rushed in, seized Cyrus, and began to propel him unceremoniously toward the door.

"But I can cure your colic," he cried on the way out. "I'll take my oath to it."

A new wave of pain more poignant than any of its predecessors swept through the frame of the potentate. It was a convincing argument. At a word of command, the guards brought Cyrus back to their master's bed. There he opened his black hand-bag, took out a small bottle containing a dark brown liquid, shook it vigorously, and poured some into a glass standing on the table.

"This," he said, "is a cordial made from a receipt of my grandmother's. It never failed to fix a colic yet, and it ain't going to now. I always take a bottle along wherever I go. Now, Prince, we'll have you all right in a jiffy!"

"Drink some yourself," said the Prince grimly.

"I don't need any," returned the innocent Cyrus, "but anything to please." And he took a generous gulp of the mixture. Then the Prince drank the contents of the glass.

In fifteen minutes the Prince was resting quietly; in an hour he was sleeping peacefully. Then the ministerial-looking individual led Cyrus away to a magnificently appointed chamber, where he was soon following the example of his noble patron.

Shortly after noon of the next day the two plotters, Doctor Bacon and Consul Marsh, were in their accustomed places in the reading room of the American Club. The mysterious disappearance of their friend Barstow was their only topic of conversation. After discussing many hypotheses, they were inclined to believe that he had been ejected from the palace by some exit other than the one they had watched, and had stolen off to a hotel that they might not discover how he had been duped.

"Anyway, we'll get it out of him," observed the Doctor, "and he'll have to acknowledge the corn."

At this moment a diversion of considerable note took place among the members of the club. An elaborate equipage drawn by four horses and preceded by two outriders dashed up to the entrance and stopped there.

"The Prince's carriage, as sure as I'm a living man!" exclaimed the Consul.

"And there's Barstow!" shouted the Doctor, as the lank form of Cyrus emerged from the chariot.

Another instant and their fellow-countryman was in the reading room, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I tell you what, gentlemen," he declared, "my idea of Princes has changed entirely. Von Z—— is one of the best fellows I ever met. Why, this morning at breakfast he said—— Hello, what's the matter, Marsh?"

The Consul had picked up a newspaper which he was reading with assumed nonchalance, when an involuntary exclamation escaped him. This is what he saw:

> The palace secretary informs us that the Prince Von Z—— was last night cured of a very severe and dangerous attack of colic by a great American specialist, Herr Cyrus Barstow. Herr Barstow is not a practicing physician, but he is the proprietor of a valuable and efficacious remedy for colic, discovered by one of his ancestors and kept as a family secret. Herr Barstow remained at the palace over night, and this morning breakfasted with the Prince, after which he was decorated with the Order of the Iron Trapezoid for his highly esteemed services."

As the best means of covering their own amazement and confusion the two shook the wearer of the Iron Trapezoid warmly by the hand. He bore his honors modestly.

"I don't mind telling you," said he, "that the Prince knew nothing at all about that message."

"I wonder who could have sent it?"

"Well," observed Doctor Bacon meditatively, "whoever did it wasn't such a wonderful joker as he thought he was. But he did you a good turn after all, Cyrus, and perhaps you'd better forgive him."

The "Good Fellow"

By Herbert Bashford

AN ATTORNEY holding a responsible Federal position recently said to a friend: "I spent the years of my young manhood in trying to be a 'good fellow.' I was so foolish as to think that the only way to achieve success in life was to be popular with the boys—spend money like a lord and win the name among my companions of being a 'good fellow.' I found that so long as my money held out I was indeed a favorite among them; but when I came to the end of my rope I awoke to the sudden realization that my notoriety as a 'good fellow' proved of no avail when the question of bread and butter presented itself. Those who had partaken of my hospitality, encouraged me in my folly and flocked around me, now seemed very much disinterested in my affairs. My advice to young men is not to attempt winning the distinction which invariably proves detrimental to themselves—that of being a good fellow."

No doubt this has been the experience of many. The youth who starts out in life with the idea that he must first establish himself in the estimation of his companions as a "jolly good fellow" if he would become successful in his undertakings, usually laments in after years the time thus squandered and the reckless expenditure of money which brought only the flattery of those who were deriving pleasure from his extravagance.

He discovers that he really imperiled his future welfare by allowing vanity to supersede good judgment that he might be regarded among his associates as the prime favorite.

To become the characteristic "good fellow" is by no means conducive to success in one's chosen avocation, granting that pecuniary reward be the object in view, which, of course, does not hold true in every case. Though it is most commendable in a young man to make himself well and favorably known in the community where he has established himself in business or has entered upon a professional career, it is the height of folly for him to imagine that his interests will be materially advanced by devoting undue attention to the club and to becoming the central figure at social functions. Yet to attain popularity as a "good fellow," under the common delusion that this alone proves the means whereby a person may quickly mount the ladder of Success, is the ambition of many. Nothing can be more false, for it is not the one whose reputation rests solely upon the uncertain ground of good fellowship whom the public holds in highest esteem and in whom it imposes the greatest trust.

Such social distinction, instead of proving beneficial, always gives cause in the minds of the many honestly to doubt one's stability and sound judgment.

The young man who enters upon life's duties earnestly, who, though spending a reasonable part of his time in the society of his friends, devotes himself unremittingly to bringing out the best that is in him and who relies strictly upon thrift and integrity, is the one in whom the world places abiding faith. The "good fellow" as a general rule, because of his proneness toward frivolity, is seldom held in serious consideration by the majority of thoughtful citizens; consequently he possesses slight influence when questions of vital importance are to be determined. Moreover, he very frequently finds himself the victim of excesses induced by attempting to maintain his reputation as the "prince of good fellows" which often results in physical and mental decay. It is the steadfast, reliable man upon whom people soon learn to depend, and who, in gaining their high regard, has laid the foundation for future success.

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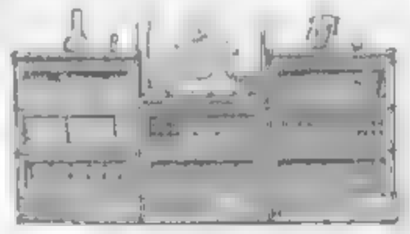

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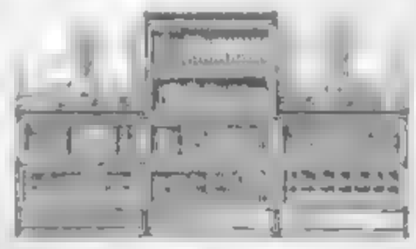

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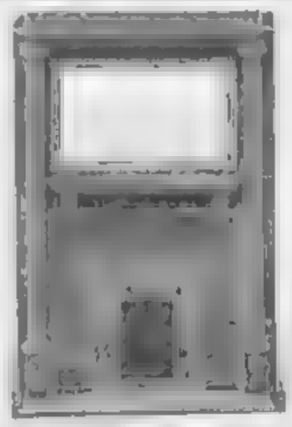

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How WE make Presidents

The Cleveland Campaigns

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

Drawings by Carl Kleinschmidt

THE Presidential campaign of 1884 was opened on June 5 by the Republican National Convention at Chicago which nominated Blaine after the Arthur Administration had made a feeble struggle against him. Strange as it may seem, Blaine took much less interest in his nomination at that time than he had in his contests of 1876 and 1880. He was painfully impressed by the conviction that he was fated not to be President, and he feared his defeat. A recent article by ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was then in Congress with Blaine, stated that a short time before the meeting of the convention, when Blaine knew that the nomination was within his own hands, he told Boutwell that he was glad to have some votes in the convention but that he did not wish the nomination. He desired to defeat President Arthur, and urged [illegible] for President and Robert [illegible] for Vice-President

I saw Blaine frequently during the months preceding the nomination, and he never exhibited any special gratification at the fact that he could then, for the first time, surely attain the leadership in his party for which he had so long struggled; but he had not the courage to decline it. The nomination came to him, and though he did not heartily welcome it, he was justly proud of it. General Logan, of Illinois, was placed on the ticket for Vice-President, as Blaine was the first civilian nominated for President by the Republicans since Lincoln.

HOW CLEVELAND GOT THE TAMMANY VOTE

The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago on July 10 and nominated [illegible] for President and Hendricks for [illegible] Cleveland's nomination was [illegible] to the earnest and skillful management of his cause by Daniel Manning, who was Secretary of the Treasury during half of Cleveland's first Administration. Cleveland was a reluctant candidate, for he was not confident that he could be nominated, and doubted if he could be elected if nominated; but Manning gathered about him a very powerful organization, and under the unit rule carried the New York delegation solid for Cleveland, though Tammany stoutly opposed him

Randall had been named as the candidate for President by Pennsylvania and had a delegation strongly committed to his support. I was present at the conferences of Randall's friends, and it became evident at an early stage of the battle that Randall's nomination was not within the range of possibility. His pronounced Protection views made him ineligible. Ex-Attorney-General William U. Hensel was there and was actively enlisted in the Randall cause. When the defeat of Randall became clearly inevitable Hensel and I had a conference with Manning, and after a careful review of the situation it became apparent that Cleveland could be nominated with the aid of Randall's friends. We made no suggestions to Manning as to conditions, but told him that we would telegraph for Randall and have him there the next morning early, so that he and Randall could confer alone. Hensel and I telegraphed Randall urgently requesting him to take the first train for Chicago. He arrived the next morning, was brought directly by Mr Hensel to my room, where Mr Manning was in waiting, and Hensel and I went to breakfast

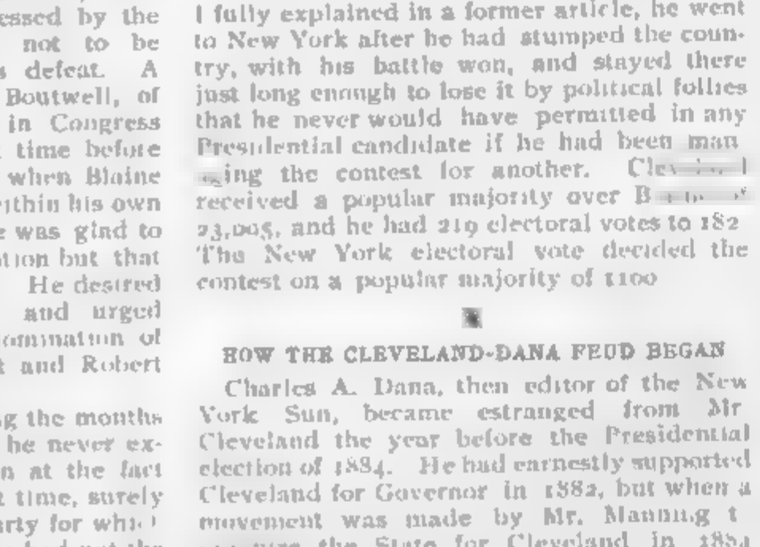
No one but Mr. Hensel and myself knew of Randall's arrival, but within half an hour after he and Manning had met word was passed from Randall himself for his friends to support Cleveland. That settled the contest in Cleveland's favor. Tammany protested, but the Tammany vote was cast for Cleveland all the same under the unit rule that the New York Democrats have always maintained.

The contest of 1884 is well remembered. Blaine did much to promote his election by stumping the country from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, but he did more to defeat himself in his management of the battle. As I fully explained in a former article, he went to New York after he had stumped the country, with his battle won, and stayed there just long enough to lose it by political follies that he never would have permitted in any Presidential candidate if he had been managing the contest for another. Cleveland received a popular majority over B[illegible] 23,005, and he had 219 electoral votes to 182 The New York electoral vote decided the contest on a popular majority of 1100

HOW THE CLEVELAND-DANA FEUD BEGAN

Charles A. Dana, then editor of the New York Sun, became estranged from Mr Cleveland the year before the Presidential election of 1884. He had earnestly supported Cleveland for Governor in 1882, but when a movement was made by Mr. Manning to [illegible]nize the State for Cleveland in 1884 Dana was implacable in his opposition. I met him several times before Cleveland was nominated, and he always discussed the question with an unusual degree of acrimony He believed that Cleveland was not available, that he was unworthy of the position, and that if nominated he would be overwhelmingly defeated. He gave me no reason for his changed relations with Cleveland, and I did not learn the true cause until after Cleveland had been elected President.

Soon after Cleveland's nomination I was spending a few days at Saratoga, and was watching Dana's paper with much interest, for he was very much disgruntled. He did not at first declare himself aggressively against Cleveland's election, but one morning at Saratoga in taking up The Sun I found one of Dana's terrible deliverances against Cleveland that left no possible chance for a reconciliation I telegraphed to Mr. Dana



Blaine did much to promote his election

and asked him to meet me at his office at three o'clock that afternoon, and called there on my way home. Mr. Dana had gone too far to recede, but I tried to temper his bitterness, as I thought it would do great harm, not only to Cleveland but to his own newspaper as well, then one of the most prosperous in the country

Mr. Dana was petulant and violent in his expressions against Cleveland, and said that he had decided to support General Butler, who was the candidate of the Labor-Socialistic element, and who, he said, would receive not less than 25,000 votes in New York City. I told him that Butler might receive 2500, and if there were 25,000 disgruntled Democrats who wanted to defeat Cleveland they would certainly vote for Blaine

The result was about as I had predicted. Butler received only a few thousand votes, and Dana and his following, though ostensibly supporting Butler, voted squarely for Blaine.

Charles A. Dana was the ablest editor ever developed by American journalism. Horace Greeley was more pungent and telling in his political articles, and Henry Watterson is more brilliant, but Charles A. Dana was the strongest editorial writer this country has ever produced. He was versatile, powerful and elegant, but an unfortunate personal estrangement made him the bitterest of Cleveland's enemies, and paved the way for The Sun to be transformed from an out-and-out Tammany organ to the most aggressive of Republican journals

It was not until I met Cleveland at Albany, soon after his election, that I learned the cause of the estrangement between Cleveland and Dana, and the statement given by Mr Cleveland was subsequently confirmed by Mr. Dana. Dana had very earnestly supported Cleveland's nomination and [illegible] for Governor in 1882, and after the election he wrote a personal letter to Cleveland asking the appointment of a friend to the [illegible] of Adjutant-General. Cleveland received that letter as he received thousands of other letters recommending appointments, instead of recognizing the claim Mr. Dana had upon him for the courtesy of an answer Beecher had a candidate for the same position, and Cleveland gave it to Beecher's man without any explanation whatever to Dana, who felt that he had been discourteously treated by Cleveland.

A DINNER THAT WAS NEVER GIVEN

Mr. Dana gave no open sign of his disappointment, but some time after Cleveland's inauguration, when it became known that Dana felt grieved at the Governor, some mutual friends intervened and proposed to Cleveland that he should invite Dana to join with some acquaintances to dine at the Executive Mansion. To this Cleveland readily assented. Dana was informed that Cleveland would tender such an invitation if it would be accepted, and he promptly assented. Cleveland then became involved in the pressing duties of the Legislature, and allowed the session to close without extending the promised and expected invitation to Dana. Mr Cleveland told me that he was entirely to blame for neglect in both instances, as Dana would doubtless have been satisfied if he had courteously informed him of his convictions which required him to appoint another for Adjutant General, and he had no excuse to offer but that of neglect for not inviting Dana to dinner

Dana naturally assumed that Cleveland had given him deliberate affront, and Cleveland could make no satisfactory explanation. As Governor and as President he was first of all devoted to his official duties, which he discharged with rare fidelity, and he gave little time even to the common courtesies which most Governors and Presidents would recognize as justly belonging to their friends. Efforts were made to conciliate Dana, but he never would discuss the question. When Cleveland's election was announced, and the Republicans were disposed to dispute the vote of New York, Dana came out boldly and declared that Cleveland was elected and that no violent measure should be tolerated to deprive him of the honor conferred upon him

THE PEACEFUL CONVENTIONS OF 1888

The Democratic National Convention for 1888 met at St. Louis on June 7, and it was the most perfunctory affair of the kind I ever witnessed. I never saw a national political body so entirely devoid of enthusiasm, yet it was entirely fixed in its purpose to renominate President Cleveland. He appealed strongly to the convictions and judgment of the party, but not to its affection or enthusiasm. He was nominated by a practically unanimous vote, and it had been settled long before the convention met that the sturdy old Roman of Ohio, ex-Senator Thurman, should be the candidate for the second place, as Vice-President Hendricks had died in office.

The Republican National Convention met in Chicago on June 21, and there was a

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last paper in Colonel McClure's series, How We Make Presidents. The series was begun in the Post of January 6 Each paper is complete in itself

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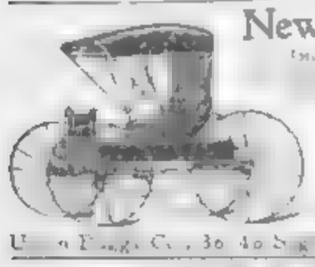

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free-for-all race for several days between Harrison, Sherman, Depew and Alger, who had a large support from Southern delegates, with Blaine on a coaching trip in England, but in a position to command the nomination if he desired it. Blaine exhibited his usual hesitation and it required three days for his friends to get his final answer by cable that he would not permit his name to be presented. Sherman was the ablest and perhaps the most respected of all the candidates from which the choice was to be made. The Pennsylvania delegation was instructed for him under the lead of Senator Quay, and Governor Hastings, then Adjutant General, very ably presented Sherman's name to the convention. Alger was under the shadow of having a commercial following, Depew was offensive to the then strong and steadily growing Granger element of the West, and Harrison became the logical candidate and was nominated without a serious contest. Governor Morton, of New York, was taken for Vice-President, not only because he occupied a very strong position in the politics of the country, but because he was able to finance the campaign.

—earnestly urged him to modify his message

The contest of 1888 differed from the Cleveland contest of 1884 in its entire freedom from vituperation and [illegible] it was earnestly conducted on both sides, but [illegible] and lost New York by 14,373, while Hill, the Democratic candidate for Governor at the same election, was successful by a majority of 19,171. Cleveland was obviously betrayed by the Tammany people, and although he had a majority of about 96,000 of the popular vote of the country, he received but 168 electoral votes to 233 for Harrison.

WHY CLEVELAND LOST HIS ELECTION

Cleveland lost his election in 1888 by his message to Congress, delivered a year before, making the tariff and revenue question the sole issue before the country. His message referred to no other question as of importance compared with the issue of reduced revenues and taxes. I saw him on Saturday night before the meeting of Congress, and with Speaker Carlisle, who was to be reelected to the Speakership on the following Monday, earnestly urged him to modify his message. Carlisle was quite as positive as I was in assuring him that it would result in disaster to himself and his Administration. His answer was that possibly we were right, but that it was a duty that should be performed, and though he might fail, he believed the country would vindicate him at an early day. He was a man who gave very serious thought to his official duties; performed them with great fidelity, and when convinced as to his duty none could dissuade him from his purpose. But for that message he would certainly have been reelected President in 1888.

The Republican National Convention of 1892 met at Minneapolis on June 7, and President McKinley presided. There would have been no serious contest for Harrison's renomination but for the fact that Blaine, who was Secretary of State, had had an open quarrel with the President just before the convention met, and, utterly broken in health and without reasonable expectation that he could live through a campaign, had permitted the use of his name in the convention against his chief.

The Blaine revolt made the friends of McKinley hope that they might succeed, but Harrison was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 535 1-6 to 182 1-6 for Blaine and 182 for McKinley, with five scattering. Vice-President Morton was deposed to make place for Whitelaw Reid for Vice-President, and as the New York delegation united in presenting Reid, the nomination was made [illegible]

The Democratic National Convention met at Chicago on June 21, and Cleveland was nominated for a third time after the most desperate and acrimonious strife I have ever witnessed in a national convention. It was on that occasion that Bourke Cockran made a speech against Cleveland that gave him national fame, and it was one of extraordinary ability and power. The convention was really adverse to Cleveland's nomination. Had a majority of the delegates followed their own personal inclinations he would have been defeated, and he was nominated solely by the matchless leadership of William C. Whitney. But for him and his wonderful skill and energy the convention would have run away from Cleveland at the outset. Never in the history of American politics was there such an achievement as the nomination of Cleveland over the solid and aggressively hostile vote of his own State of New York that was regarded as the pivotal State of the battle. Tammany had always opposed Cleveland in national conventions, but never before had they had control of the delegation against him, and a protest was published to the convention signed by every delegate from the State, demanding his defeat.

CLEVELAND'S VICTORY

Cleveland was strong with the people but weak with the politicians.

The platform [illegible] written by the enemies of Cleveland; [illegible] nation for Vice President was made over his friends and the hostility to him was so pronounced that the opposing leaders were confident of his defeat at the polls. The convention sat at night and far on in the morning hours, when Cleveland received 617 votes, just ten more than were necessary to nominate him. Had he not been nominated on that ballot his defeat would have been certain.

The battle between Cleveland and Harrison was very earnestly contested, and it will be remembered as the only instance in which the party of power was defeated when the country was prosperous. The McKinley tariff bill had largely increased protection to our manufactures, but without materially increasing wages. The result was an unusual number of labor strikes, the most notable of which was that of Homestead at the Carnegie works, and the Republicans suffered very generally throughout the country by the loss of industrial votes. Cleveland was elected by a popular majority over Harrison of 366,211, and received 276 electoral votes to 145 for Harrison.

Cleveland and Jackson are the only Presidential candidates in the history of the Republic who made three consecutive contests for the place, carried a popular or majority each time, and increased [illegible] each contest, and both were defeated [illegible] battle, although receiving a larger popular vote than the successful competitor.

THE McKINLEY CAMPAIGN

The Presidential contest of 1896 was opened by the Republicans, who assembled in national convention in St. Louis on June 16, where McKinley was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of 661½ to 84½ for Reed, with a number of scattering votes. The late Garret A. Hobart was also nominated on the first ballot for Vice-President by 535½ to 237½ for Henry Clay Evans, now Commissioner of Pensions, with scattering votes. McKinley's nomination was managed and accomplished much as Samuel J. Tilden managed and accomplished his own nomination in 1876. Mark A. Hanna, present Senator from Ohio, a most aggressive and able politician, devoted most of his time during the year before the convention met to organizing the States to secure McKinley delegations. McKinley was strong with the party and was personally popular.

The campaign of 1896 is yet fresh in the memories of the people. Bryan made the most remarkable canvass of our political history, and swept the solid South and the silver West into the cheap-money column, but he was overwhelmingly beaten, as McKinley received a popular majority over him of 613,752, and in the electoral college McKinley had 271 votes to 176 for Bryan. Thus we have the completed story of How We Make Presidents.

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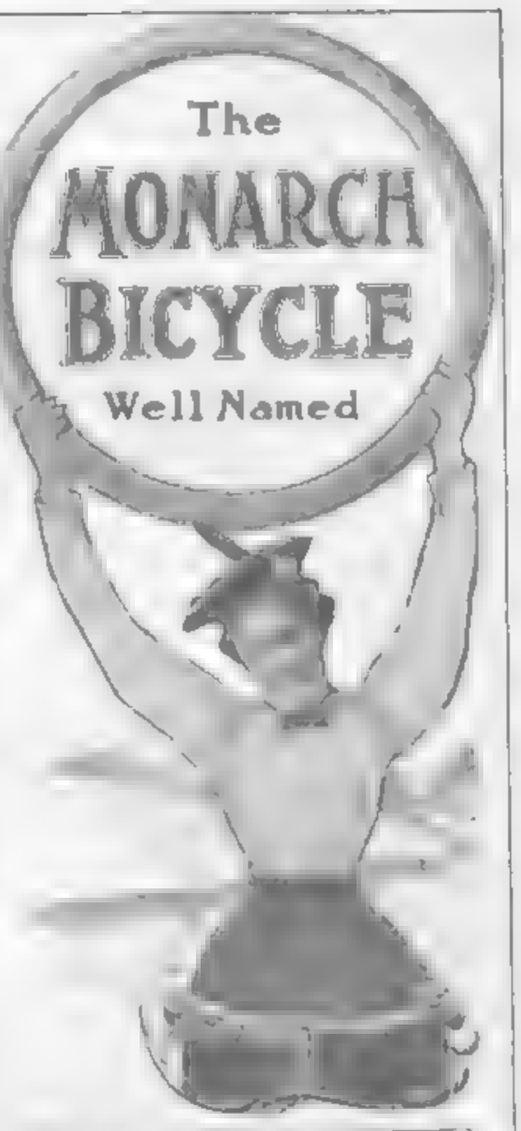

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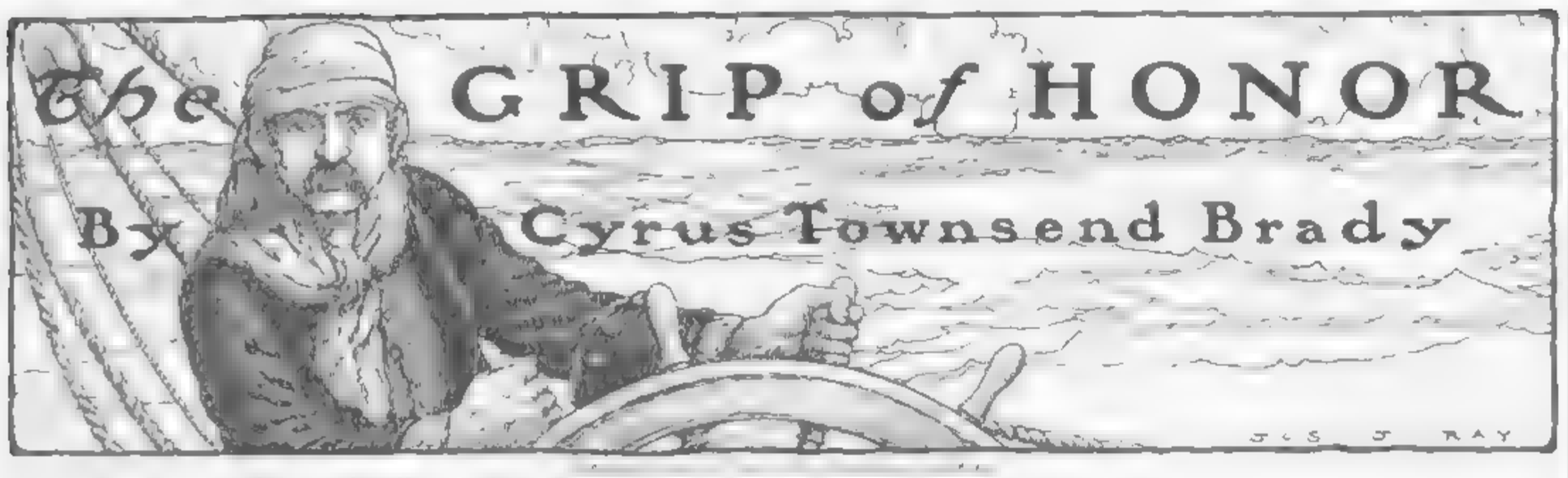

Fourteenth Chapter

'O'NEILL,' began the Englishman "would that I could take your place!

"But you cannot, Major Coventry," replied the other gratefully. "You honor me in the thought, but if you could I should refuse to allow it. You are the better man; all my life I have been a gay, reckless soldier of fortune, with never a serious purpose. You are the worthy one, and you must live to watch over, to care for her whom we both love. Perhaps—surely—in days to come she will forget; time, chance, you know—she will reward your devotion—she must—you will be happy." His voice broke and he turned his face and looked out of the port. Coventry shook his head.

"You know her not, sir. She is not for me, nor would I take her loving you; my love is too deep for that. Nor would she come. She will never forget you." O'Neill's heart leaped at this assurance.

The ship's bell on the deck above them struck four times—it was six o'clock. There was a little silence within the screen.

The hour approaches," said O'Neill softly at last. "I would be alone for a few moments before—you understand."

Yes," said the other, rising and pressing his hand. "Have you nothing to say, no message to send to—" he asked magnanimously.

Nothing, nothing—'tis best so. You will come for me at the time?"

"Yes, and I will stand by you to the end."

You do me great honor," replied the other thankfully. Coventry looked at him a moment, shook his head and turned away.

In the prayers of the young Irishman the face of the girl he loved was first. Outside it seemed but a moment before he heard the tramp of armed men coming along the deck. They stopped before the screen. It was opened and Coventry, pale as death, presented himself at the opening; the screen was promptly folded back. There were marines fully armed before it, and the chaplain, too, in the white robes of his office.

"I am ready, gentlemen," said O'Neill calmly; "may I not go to my death unbound?" he asked.

At a nod from Coventry, the master-at-arms unlocked the fetters about his feet and hands. The prisoner took his place in the midst of the little squad of men and ascended to the spar-deck. The ship's company of marines was drawn up aft on the quarter-deck. Most of the seamen of the crew were arranged in orderly ranks in the starboard gangway. Forward, a grating had been rigged on the bulwarks under the port fore-yardarm. A new rope led from the grating up through the block in the yardarm, came inboard to another block under the top, and thence through a block fixed to the deck. Sixty or seventy men, chosen by lot from the ship's company, had hold of the rope, which was led aft along the port gangway. In front of the marines stood Captain Pearson and his officers in full uniform. The prisoner was halted before him.

"Captain Pearson," said Coventry in great agitation, "can nothing be done to delay this execution a few hours? There are considerations, sir, in my possession which I feel sure would incline His Majesty, could he be communicated with, to extend clemency to this gentleman. Circumstance——'

Are these circumstances within the knowledge of Lord Westbrooke, Major Coventry?" answered the Captain, surprised at the unusual nature of the interruption.

"They are, sir."

"And they have evidently not influenced him, you see. Therefore, I fail to see how I can permit them to weigh with me. Mr. Pascoe, take the prisoner for—"

"It is useless, Coventry. Why prolong this agony? You have done what you could. I thank you and bless you," said O'Neill as they walked the deck to the grating.

"Will you please to step up here, sir?" said Pascoe, the first lieutenant of the Serapis, who had the matter in charge, pointing to the grating on the rail as they came abreast of it.

It is a fair and easy place from which to step to Heaven, sir," replied the Irishman, smiling as he stepped on the rail. "I pray you to tell your men to start me on my way with a quick pull and a swift run." Pascoe nodded in comprehension.

A boatswain's mate now stepped up beside the prisoner and

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bound his feet and hands with a lashing. A hangman's knot had been made by expert fingers in the rope leading from the yard arm, and the running noose was quickly cast about O'Neill's neck.

"The collar of an ancient order, this," observed O'Neill, still smiling. "And now, one last request, sir," he added, turning to the Lieutenant.

"And that is?"

"Throw away that black cap, sir. Let me go with my eyes open." The Lieutenant hesitated a moment. The whole ship's company was filled with admiration for the intrepid and gallant Irishman.

"Do it, Pascoe!" whispered Coventry, springing up alongside O'Neill and the sailor, who, to avoid him, stepped back and stood on the rail by the foreshrouds.

"What are you doing there, Major Coventry?" asked Pascoe.

"Nothing. I promised to stand by him to the last," replied Coventry. The officer hesitated a moment, and then threw the cap into the water.

"I thank you," said O'Neil huskily; "how much time is there?"

"About two minutes, I think," said the Lieutenant nervously.

"You will run away with the fall at the first or last stroke of the bell?"

"The last, sir."

"No more," said O'Neill to Coventry, turning his face in the direction of the shore. The deep voice of the white-robed priest alone broke the silence.

"*Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.*"

Out on the water a white sailed little boat was speeding swiftly toward them. There was a woman in it. The eyes of love even in the presence of death are keen—perhaps even keener then than ever. It was Elizabeth Howard. O'Neill recognized her at once. Good Heavens! Why had she come here? She would arrive in time to see him swinging lifeless from the yardarm, a heart breaking sight for any woman. He could not take his eyes from her.

"See!" he whispered to Coventry, "that boat yonder—she is there!"

"Forward, there!" cried the Captain, watch in hand. "Strike the bell five!"

The mellow tones of the first couplet of the ship's bell rang out in obedience to the command. The hour was come. It was his death-signal, but O'Neill never turned his head from the approaching boat. The old Quartermaster struck the bell deliberately, lingering over it reluctantly; a little shiver ran through the men.

"Stand by!" shouted the Lieutenant in a voice he strove in vain to make firm. "Make a quick jerk and a lively run, lads!"

The men grasped the rope more firmly and sprang into position for the jump. The next couplet was struck on the bell. The boat was nearer now. Coventry saw that the woman waved something that looked like a paper in her hand. The last stroke of the bell rang out on the breathless, silent ship.

"Set taut!" cried the Lieutenant hoarsely. The men leaped forward instantly to the shrill piping of the boatswain and his mate. "Sway away!" he cried.

The tightened rope caught the Irishman by the throat. A lightning flash seemed to cleave the skies; he saw, as in a vision, a great hall hung with arras, a picture frame, a woman radiant, beautiful, her eyes shining, an upraised hand; a voice murmured, "I love him, I love him!" Then a gigantic hand caught him by the throat; he strove to cry out; it clutched him tighter and tighter, blackness like a pall fell before him, shutting out the smiling face.

The quick eye of Major Coventry had detected at last what the girl was waving.

"That paper!" he cried frantically as the last bell struck, "it must be a reprieve—the Admiral has relented."

Was it too late? Quick as thought he snatched the sheath knife from the belt of the sailor near him. It was too late to stop the men on the rope, even had he possessed the power, but as O'Neill rose in the air he caught him around the waist, and with one rapid blow severed the straining rope above his head. Assisted at once by the sailor alongside of him, they lowered the bound, unconscious man upon the deck beneath them. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye. The men on the ship broke out in ringing cheers. Pearson, white with rage at the interruption, leaped forward.

"What is the meaning of this?" he shouted. "Who has dared to interfere in this manner?"

"I, sir," replied Coventry fearlessly, looking up from his place by the unconscious man.

"And by what right, sir?" cried the enraged Captain.

"Boat ahoy!" cried a seaman stationed at the port gangway.

"Sir," said Coventry, quietly meeting the eye of the Captain, "if I mistake not, you will find my excuse in that boat."

"Well for you, sir, if it be there. Never in my twenty years of service have I been so braved, and on my own ship, too! See what boat it is," said the Captain, turning to one of his midshipmen, "and find out what is wanted." The lad came running back presently and saluted.

"'Tis a lady, sir; the Governor's ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard. She wishes to come on board," he said.

"Show her on board," said the Captain shortly to the midshipman. Then he looked down on the still unconscious form of O'Neill. "Send a surgeon here at once, sir," he continued, and as the latter presented himself: "Is the man dead?" he asked.

"No, sir," said the surgeon, examining him hastily and making ready to apply some necessary restoratives, for which he dispatched an assistant to the sick bay.

Get him in shape, then, and quickly, for another attempt, for hang he shall, if he has to be held up for it," ordered the Captain sternly.

At this moment the midshipman, followed by Lady Elizabeth, pale, hatless, her hair disheveled, her hand clutching a paper, made way through the little group.

"Captain Pearson, where is he?" she cried nervously. Then as her eyes fell on the prostrate form of O'Neill, she dropped the paper to the deck, covered her face with her hands and rocked to and fro in agony. "Too late—too late!" she wailed, faltering.

"Not so, madam," said the Captain, turning toward her; "the man still lives, the surgeon assures me. He has but fainted. Have you a warrant to stop the execution? If not, it must go on, and it shall go hard with Major Coventry as well."

"The prisoner is reprieved, sir; here is the paper," cried Elizabeth, "sealed and signed by the Admiral himself. Oh, I had it a moment since; where has it gone?"

"Here it is, Your Ladyship," said one of the officers, lifting it from the deck and handing it to her.

"There," she said, presenting it to the Captain. He opened it deliberately and glanced over the brief contents. She watched him with a nervousness she vainly attempted to conceal. Meanwhile the doctor had succeeded in arousing O'Neill. The first glance of his eye fell on Elizabeth, and nothing else he saw.

Heaven and the angels!" he murmured faintly, not yet comprehending the position.

"It seems to be made out properly and duly signed and sealed," said the Captain slowly. "A reprieve for the prisoner until further notice, and permission for the bearer to see him alone," he added suspiciously. There was a little pause. He turned the paper over in his hand and looked sharply at the girl.

"The Admiral chooses a strange messenger," he added. "I cannot say if this be regular or no. His handwriting is unfamiliar to me, so I do not recognize this. You say you had it from him, madam?"

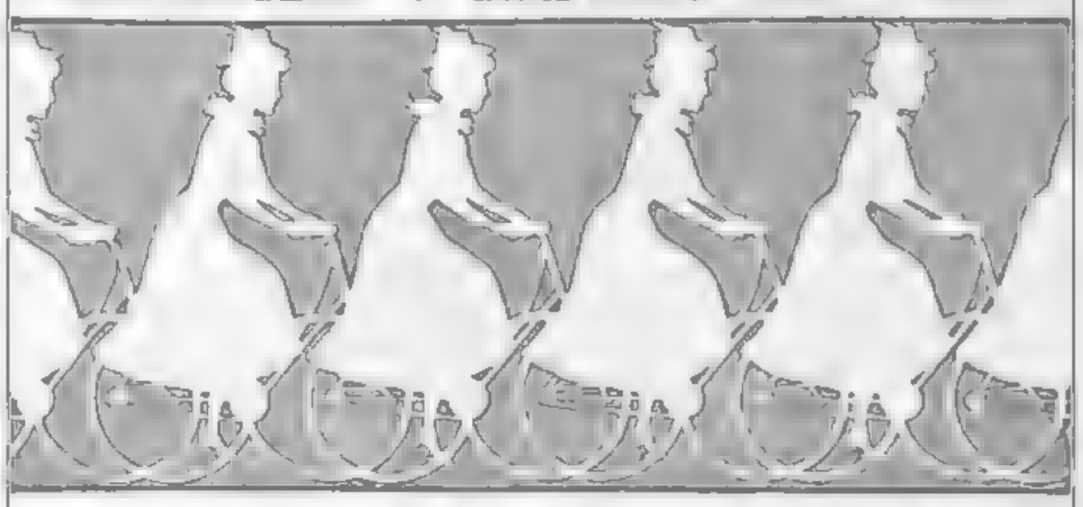
Elizabeth would not trust herself to speak, she only bowed. There was evidently something very suspicious to the Captain in the whole proceeding. The signature did not seem just right.

"Ah, I have it! Major Coventry!" he cried suddenly. "Here is a reprieve from the Admiral; it seems to be correct, and yet—will you look over it and give me your opinion?—you are familiar with his writing, at any rate. My Lady, forgive the questioning, but the matter is most serious, and I must be absolutely assured."

"Here is the paper, Edward," said Elizabeth desperately, taking it from the Captain's outstretched hand. "Is not that

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

CLEVELAND



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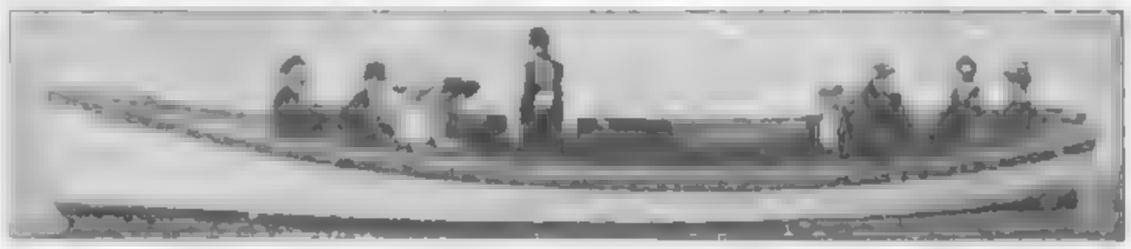

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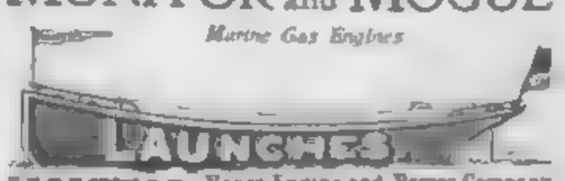

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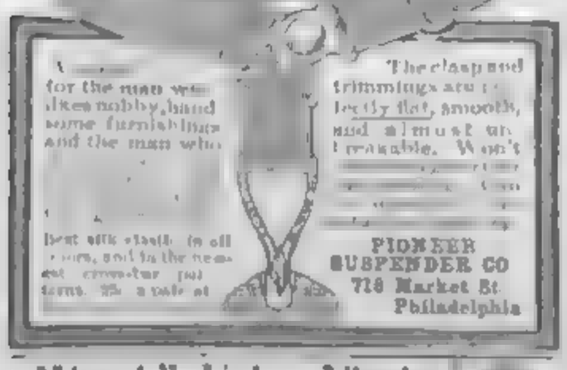
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the writing of the Admiral?" she added entreatingly, and then clasping her hands she looked at him and waited, full of apprehension.

A word, and he hanged her lover, killed her—a word, and he set them free. What the consequences to himself of his decision might be, with the sublime egotism of love for another, she neither knew nor questioned. Coventry gave a brief glance at the document [illegible] what was expected of him; true to his creed he did not hesitate a moment. In that glance of a single second he realized the truth, which he had more than suspected before.

"It is," he replied briefly and indifferently, handing the paper back to the Captain.

The keen Captain was not yet satisfied, however.

"You wished to release him yourself, I remember," he said uncertainly. "I am by no means persuaded that—but it is impossible for me to proceed now till I have seen the Admiral. Take the prisoner below and allow Lady Elizabeth to see him alone," he said to the guard. "Mr. Pascoe, tell the boatswain to pipe down, and call the watch."

—then with a strong thrust shoved her clear of the ship

Fifteenth Chapter

ACCOMPANIED by the marine guard, and leaning upon the arm of the surgeon and Coventry, O'Neill, followed by Elizabeth, was taken below. The girl's heart was exulting madly. So far she had triumphed. What next? When they reached the little screened enclosure in which O'Neill had been confined, the guard saluted and released the prisoner. He had not been ironed again, and by some oversight, in the confusion following the reprieve, no one called attention to it. As he stepped within the screen and Elizabeth prepared to follow him, Coventry interrupted her by holding out his hand.

"God bless you for what you did," she whispered.

"What you do, do quickly," he replied. "I will replace the sentry; you will be safe; God grant you may succeed. Good-by."

"Good by—we shall not forget you," she said. And this was the only reward he received for his sacrifice. By his direction, the sentry on guard withdrew to the opposite side of the deck, and he himself mounted guard in front of the curtain.

As soon as she entered the enclosure Elizabeth threw herself into the arms of the bewildered O'Neill.

"Oh," she whispered, "you are saved—saved—and through me."

"No, dearest, not yet," replied he, straining her to his heart, and kissing her fondly. "I scarcely yet understand it all, but if I heard aright 'tis but a reprieve until to-morrow. Build no hope upon it."

"We will not wait for the morrow, my dearest," she answered softly, "for the boat swings under the counter yonder. When night falls, and it is quite dark we will slip out of the port and go away together—in a few moments it will be time."

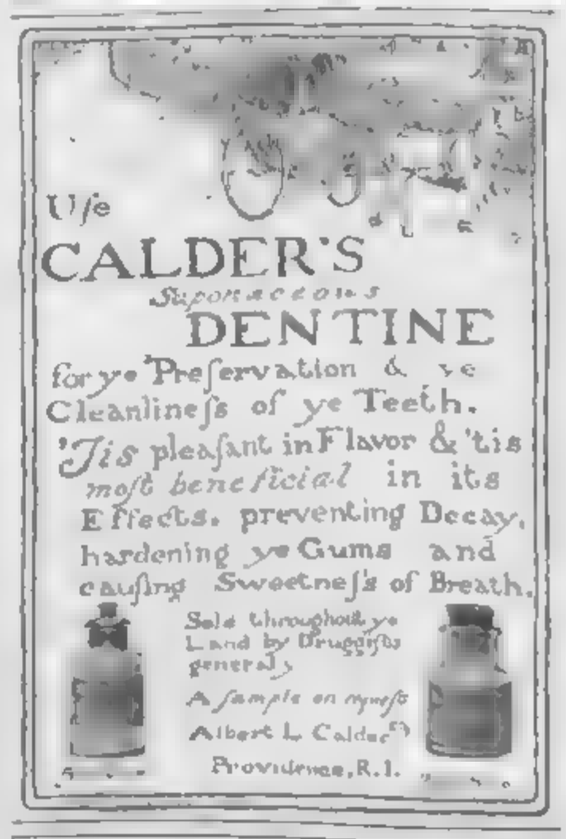
The Irishman caught eagerly at the suggested idea. Unheeded, the night came stealing over the harbor; lights in the town twinkled here and there, the boatswain's whistle rang out between decks on the frigate. There was a call—a hoarse cry or two—a hurrying of feet—a little confusion.

"Now is the time!" said Elizabeth, releasing herself from his unwilling arms, and looking out through the port. "The man is watching—I met him on the strand as I was asking for a boat to bring me out to you. He says he knows you—has served under you."

"Knows me!" said O'Neill, surprised, thrusting his head through the open port. There, right beneath him, a little skiff was being brought up deftly and without noise from where it had lain unnoticed under the counter in the confusion since the girl's arrival. The side of the ship was in deep shadow, and the [illegible] ing over their heads above the ports further concealed them from notice.

Gathering her skirts about her, Elizabeth slipped first through the port. O'Neill held her firmly until the man below lifted her gently into the stern of the boat. Noiselessly and as quickly as possible O'Neill followed her. By Elizabeth's direction he lay down in the bottom of the boat, and she covered him entirely with her boat cloak. The man in the bows, whom O'Neill had not yet recognized in the shadow, and who had said nothing, slowly worked the boat back under the counter again, then with a strong thrust shoved her clear of the ship. The flooding tide carried them slowly away. In a few moments he cautiously got out his oars, and by very gentle pulling added a little to the way of the boat.

The ear of the watchful Coventry had at once apprised him of their departure. He could scarcely resist the temptation to call them back that he might see her once again. But he had duty to do. As soon as he was persuaded that they had left the ship, he called the sentry from the opposite side of the deck and told him to mount guard again, and on no account to disturb the prisoner. Then he ran rapidly up to the quarter-deck and made his way aft to the marine on guard there. The man was looking out into the darkness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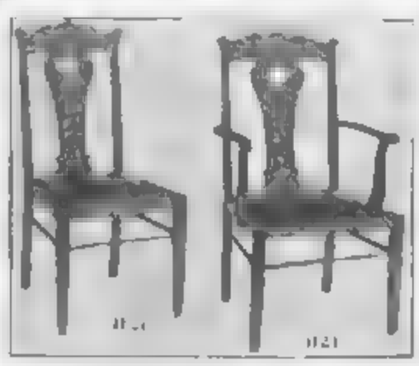

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at a dark blur on the water—a boat, two figures could be distinguished in it, one of them a woman. Coventry saw them at once, and as he looked they disappeared—the last sight of her, he thought bitterly. The marine had just opened his mouth to give the alarm when the clear voice of the officer rang in his ear.

"Sentry!" said Coventry. The man instinctively sprang to attention at once, and for the moment forgot the boat.

"Have you seen any signals from the castle?"

"No, sir, but I seen a little boat off there that looked suspicious like."

"Whereabouts did you see it?"

"There, sir; right off there."

"No," said Coventry, straining his eyes through the darkness, "there is no boat there; you have been mistaken, I think," he added indifferently, his gaze still fixed on the place where they had drifted away and disappeared. He knew what was coming. Since they had gone, he must pay for it, so he leaned on the rail and waited. A few moments later a large barge, fully manned, darted out of the darkness and came toward the ship. Coventry knew what it was, of course.

■

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the watchful sentry at the gangway.

"Flag!" was the answer as the Admiral dashed alongside. Almost before the officer of the watch could reach the gangway the old man clambered to the deck.

"Good-evening, sir," he said in response to the former's salutation; "Captain Pearson?"

"I have sent for him, My Lord," replied the officer, and the next moment the Captain himself came bustling out of the darkness to do honor to the old Admiral.

"Ah! Captain Pearson, good evening."

"Good-evening to Your Lordship."

"The prisoner I sent off—he has been duly executed, I presume?"

"Why, no, sir!" said the Captain, alarmed at this confirmation of his suspicions; "we were about ready to carry out the sentence, the command to sway aloft had been given, in fact, when we received your reprieve."

"My reprieve!" said the Admiral in great surprise; "what mean you? I sent no reprieve."

"Sir, sir!" cried the astonished Captain, "it was brought here by your ward, Lady Elizabeth Howard."

"Elizabeth!" cried the old man, starting; "her maid said she was ill—she must have—did you inspect it carefully, sir?" he asked, checking himself.

"It was passed upon by your son and aide, Major Coventry, My Lord," replied the Captain shortly.

"How! Edward! Where is he?"

"Here, My Lord," said the young man, stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you examine this paper, sir?"

"I did, sir."

"You knew it was a forgery."

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you declared it to be correct?"

"I did, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"Will you direct these others to retire out of hearing, Captain Pearson?" said Coventry, indicating the officer of the watch, the midshipman, and all of the others, and when his request had been complied with he added: "'Twas to save the honor of your ward, My Lord, to insure happiness to the woman I love more than life, to effect the escape of the man upon whom that happiness depended."

■

"The prisoner!" cried the Admiral impetuously. "Have him brought on deck at once, Captain Pearson."

"But your ward, My Lord, she is with him," replied the Captain.

"Bring her too, then," the old man answered passionately.

"But the crew—the men—not before them all," said Coventry, striving to gain time.

"Before Heaven itself the offense was given," cried the Admiral, losing all control over himself in his fury, "and the punishment shall have equal publicity." The midshipman who had hastened below now came running on deck in terror.

"There's no one there, My Lord; they've gone—escaped, sir!"

Escaped!" repeated the Admiral, turning to the Captain. "Had you no sentry to watch them, sir?"

"Yes, My Lord, certainly."

"Let him be tried forthwith, then, for gross neglect of duty in permitting——"

"My Lord, the sentry is innocent," said Coventry; "I replaced him; I alone am guilty."

"Worse and worse! You knew they escaped, sir?" asked the Admiral.

"I did—'twas to prevent discovery that I took his place," replied his son, bowing. Captain Pearson opened his mouth to speak, but his superior silenced him with a wave of his hand.

■

A bitter fight raged in the old man's bosom, but he saw his duty and knew it must be done. There was a long and dreadful pause. When the Admiral spoke again it was with an altered tone; he had regained his self control.

"Captain Pearson," he said, slowly and deliberately, in a strained and unnatural voice, "let the court martial which passed judgment upon the prisoner be reconvened at once to try Major Edward Coventry for disobedience of orders in time of war, and for aiding and abetting the escape of an enemy, and for knowingly declaring a forged order, purporting to have my signature, to be correct. In short, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

Surely not that last, My Lord," said Coventry, impulsively raising his hand in deprecation.

The Admiral hesitated, looked long and earnestly at his handsome son. "You may leave off the part about conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, Pearson," he answered.

"My Lord!" cried Pearson, "the punishment is death—I pray you——"

"Silence, sir!" he cried sternly; "you have your order."

There was a sudden bustle upon the deck forward.

Sail ho! Light ho! Light ho!" rang out from a dozen rough throats.

"Where away?" said the officer of the watch.

"Off the starboard quarter," was the reply; "they're coming up from Flamborough."

"They will be the Bon Homme Richard and the rest of that scoundrelly pirate squadron, Captain Pearson," said the Admiral.

"We will go out and meet them at once, with your permission, My Lord," cried the Captain. "All hands up anchor! Mr. [illegible] show the signal for the Scarborough to get under way. Lively!"

■

"Sir—My Lord—my father!" said Coventry, who had stood unnoticed in the excitement of the moment. "I would ask a favor of you, sir—as—as—as my father."

"Ask no favors of a father, sir; you have [illegible]."

"Let me beg of the man, then," said Coventry resolutely. "We are about to engage the enemy. For the sake of my mother, sir, do not condemn me to inaction now! Let me serve as the humblest volunteer. You shall not regret it."

The old man hesitated. He was a father in spite of what he had said, and he could not forget it. His heart was breaking beneath his iron exterior and appearance of outward composure.

"Go!" he replied at last; "you are free of any charges until to-morrow. When next I see you I shall have to prefer them; therefore let me not look upon your face again, sir. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes; good by, sir," said the young man brokenly. "I thank you and bless you for this. To-morrow I shall plead my cause in a higher court. Think of me kindly, sir."

The two men looked at each other in silence. The Admiral relented a little—it was for the last time—and drew the boy to him. He lifted his head in silent prayer.

"All hands make sail!" hoarsely cried the boatswain and his mates with shrill piping.

The Admiral turned away and Coventry walked over to Captain Pearson.

"Father gives me a chance to die," he said; "please assign me to some duty."

"I am glad to hear it," said the Captain, his face lighting up; "we are short a Lieutenant; I confide to you the forward division of the main-deck battery; do your best with it."

"I hope to serve it well," said the young officer, saluting proudly and springing toward his station.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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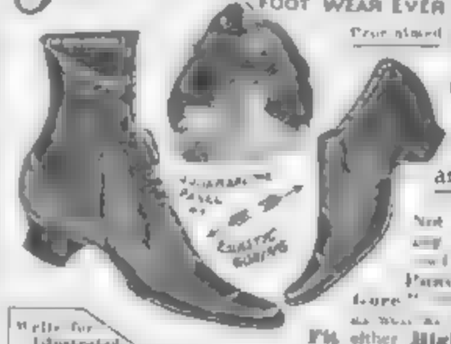

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PRACTICAL MUNICIPAL POLITICS *for* YOUNG MEN

By NATHANIEL C. SEARS

1. THE LEADER IN PARTY ORGANIZATION

IT IS safe to say that every young man of our country feels at some time an inclination to take an active part in politics. It must be so with the young man of sound and healthy moral nature, whether from motive of using a gift which belongs to him, or from motive of doing a duty which rests upon him The fact that large numbers of men of affairs in our great cities are seemingly careless of both right and duty is doubtless due, to an extent, to failure of success in the line of political usefulness. It is not unlikely that, if the young men who try to enter political life could meet with a larger success—not in securing advantage of office merely, but in making their efforts tell in results—the extent of political indifference would be greatly lessened. The fact that so many young men do fail in an attempt to make themselves felt in political affairs must, to a considerable extent, be charged to a lack of practical knowledge of the methods which obtain in municipal politics. Here, as elsewhere, effort misapplied is of no avail, however good the motive.

The young man, upon entering into political work, or attempting to do so, finds a few men in each political party seemingly guiding, if not controlling, its movements, and he finds it difficult to learn the secret of their success and power. It is often accepted as belief by the general public that these few men have entire control of the movements of the party organization, and that they alone and with autocratic power dictate party nominations and party measures. From this belief there has grown up a considerable degree of popular disfavor. The party leaders are termed "bosses" and the party organization which they are supposed to thus control is called "the machine." By looking into the methods of these party leaders it may be seen in just what their power consists and its extent The secret of their success does not lie in any personal hold which they have upon the following which makes up the party. It is neither through power of oratory nor through personal good fellowship that the end is accomplished

HARD WORK THE BED-ROCK OF SUCCESS

The success of the party leader is founded upon hard, continuous and systematic work in maintaining thorough precinct organization—that is to say, organization of the party workers and following in the smallest of the political subdivisions of the territory of the city. As in money matters, the adage, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" holds, so in political matters the same truth may be paraphrased into "Take care of the precincts and the city will take care of itself."

Party organization has for its ends the nomination of candidates for public office and the success at the polls of the ticket made up of such candidates. For nominating purposes the smallest division of territory, wherein is the beginning of political action, is the primary district. The beginning of party organization is the precinct club; the next larger body is the ward club; and the final organized body is the central city committee. The precinct club is made up of all party adherents who choose to join it within this smallest subdivision of territory, viz., the precinct. Here the effective work of the party must be accomplished, whether it be in choosing delegates to represent the ward in the city nominating convention, or in the later work of polling the full party vote at the election

The ability to hold together, in the precinct club, in continuous party service, a number of party workers sufficient to control the selection of delegates to nominating conventions, is the chief element in the political leadership of to-day in our large cities. The strength of party leadership is built upon this power of choosing delegates.

It follows then, to inquire how these men are able to gain and retain this power. It is frequently charged that the common method of accomplishing this end in large cities is by "ballot-box stuffing"—that is to say, fraudulent voting at the primaries. Doubtless there has been much of truth in the charge as applied to some periods and some cities. It is not, however, generally true to-day. In cities where the primary election, viz., the voting for delegates to nominating conventions, has been put into the control of State officers, and where the proceedings of such primaries have been thus hedged about with all the caution attending a Federal election, the leadership of the same party leaders has continued unchanged. Apparently the delegates whom they desire are selected just as they were when the primaries were conducted under looser methods and without State supervision.

HOW THE LEADERS HOLD THE REINS

In attempting to analyze the basis of this power it is necessary to consider the classes of party adherents who vote at the primaries. A large proportion of the business men of the city are indifferent to the primary election, and rarely take part even to the extent of voting. The total number voting at the ordinary primary election is very small in comparison to the number of party adherents who vote at the election, and compared to the number of such who might vote at the election it is even more insignificant.

It is safe to divide those who do take part in these primaries into two classes: first, those who work through motive of public spirit, and, secondly, those who work through motive of office seeking. The first class includes the citizen who, with manly appreciation of his right and duty, avails himself of his citizenship. It also includes many who, without much sentiment of duty, find a pleasure in partisanship and loyalty to the doctrines of their particular party. This class of voters is held together in party work without any particular effort on the part of the organization leaders. The hold of the party leaders upon them is always slight, and their support is gained, if at all, because they believe that the leadership is efficient in perfecting and maintaining a strong party.

The second class comprises those who hold offices, elective or appointive, and wish to retain them, and those who are ambitious to secure such offices. It also includes the many who through kinship or friendship are interested in the success of such office holders or seekers. It is in keeping this class active in support of the party organization and in directing their action that the task of the party leader is found. Wherever the merit system of appointment to the minor offices, known as the civil service system, is not adopted, and wherever it is adopted and nullified, the distribution of appointive offices among party workers is a controlling factor in party organization and party leadership. This method of reward, known as the "spoils system," is inevitable wherever the civil service system is not in force

Where the distribution of offices as a reward for party service obtains, the party leaders are commonly supposed to exercise an absolute power in determining the manner of distribution. To an extent this is true, and to a very large extent it is untrue. It is true that the party leaders have much to do in determining the method of distribution, but that they arbitrarily decide who shall receive nominations and appointive offices is not true. It could not be so for any length of time without operating to undo the leadership. The number of disappointed usually exceeds the number of satisfied among office seekers. If the disappointments could be charged to the party leader alone, the end of his leadership would be quick to follow.

HOW THE SPOILS SYSTEM WORKS

The only plan of party organization which has proved of any permanent efficiency in the political history of large cities, is one by which the choice of candidates for elective offices and recipients of appointive offices is fairly left to the body of the party workers.

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Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three papers by Judge Sears. Each article is complete in itself.

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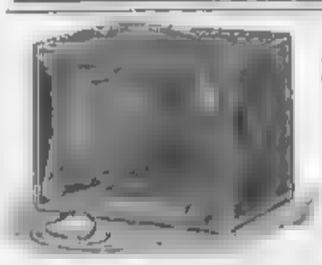

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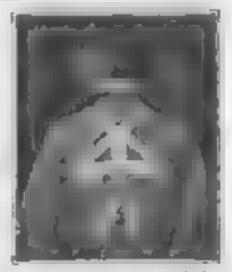

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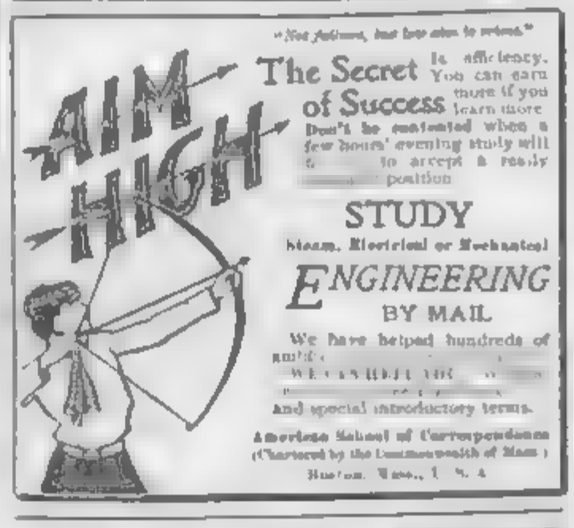

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work for his nomination for a specified office. In this manner candidates for nomination are indorsed by ward clubs in various parts of the city and for the various offices to be filled at the election. At the primaries delegates are chosen to support these various candidacies. After the delegates are elected a caucus is held, usually several, before the meeting of the nominating convention. The delegates chosen in a ward select some one of their number to go into a caucus composed of representatives of other ward delegations, and together representing the wards of a certain district or part of the city. These representatives of several wards confer and agree upon a candidate for nomination to be supported by them. If there are several candidates from the wards represented, and but one can be given a place upon the ticket, the conflicting interests must be reconciled. Some must yield. All must finally agree upon the support of one. Then a representative from this caucus is chosen to go to another caucus, made up of similar representatives of other districts or parts of the city. In this final caucus perhaps a half dozen or a dozen men, each representing the club selects as entitled thereto by reason of party service, provided the ones thus recommended are deemed fit by the appointing official in capacity and in character

The strength of the system lies in the fact that the disappointed seekers for office can charge their failure to no one save their fellow-workers, and they are encouraged to remain in active party service because their success in the future depends not upon the will of any one or any number of leaders in the party, but upon the will of their own fellows. In the strength of this system lies the secret of party leadership in large cities.

Upon this system, it is safe to assert, has been grounded all successful and permanent leadership. The plan is certainly not to be commended by thoughtful men in comparison with an honestly conducted civil service. But it does commend itself to the average party worker as being more democratic in principle and preferable to any plan of distribution based upon the mere caprice of party leaders. In any event, in the absence of an efficient civil service system, the public good is wholly dependent upon the firmness of the elective official in refusing to appoint any member of his party, however great his party service, whose fitness and character are not clear

NATHANIEL C. SEARS

THE ROOTS OF POLITICAL STRENGTH

The young man entering into political work to-day in any large city is confronted with these or similar conditions. That these conditions might be vastly improved by adopting a system of choosing candidates by direct vote, rather than by delegates, is beyond question. But they exist as the conditions of to-day and must be recognized and understood by one seeking to do effective political work. How, then can the young man entering political action make his influence and labors of account? Certainly not by mere platform oratory. Field work cannot be done on the rostrum. The young man who seeks to make himself felt in municipal politics must begin at the beginning, viz., in the ward precinct and at the primary elections. Here are the roots of political strength, and here he must make the foundation of his work. Where comparatively so few work, the force of one is largely felt. A few young men of good purpose, working together, not seeking office but the public good, can accomplish wonders in any primary district of any city. A few in each district, working faithfully and persistently, can do much toward making the results of good delegates, good candidates, honest and efficient officials, and the ultimate adoption and enforcement of a pure civil service assured facts

THE WARD CLUB CIVIL SERVICE

In the distribution of appointive offices the party workers in the city have a more direct voice. The elected officials, where there is no civil service system, usually distribute the minor appointive offices throughout the city, according to territory and party representation. This distribution is not usually made on the basis of personal friendship. Neither is it made at the dictation of the party leaders. It is made, as a rule, upon the recommendation and indorsement of the ward clubs. If, upon the basis of territory and party representation, a certain number of appointments are to be given to a certain ward, the appointees are those members of the party, in that ward, whom the ward

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OF MANY odd customs none is quainter than the "lion sermon," which is preached once a year in the Church of St. Katharine Cree, England, to comply with the will of Sir John Gayer, who sought to commemorate many years ago his miraculous preservation from lions while lost in an African desert. The real cause of fear was the predatory baboon. Nevertheless, under the terms of the ancient will, the "lion sermon" has to be given, with full allusion to the king of all the beasts.

The last sermon, by a strange coincidence, was delivered by the Rev. E. H. Gayer, of Smithfield, England, in whose veins flows the same blood as that of the dead testator.

Doctor Gayer has been invited to lecture at one of the religious Chautauquas in this country this summer, and his learning and eloquence are certain to make his visit notable.

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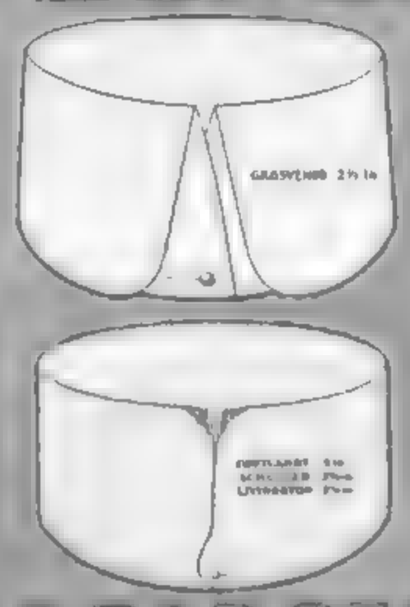

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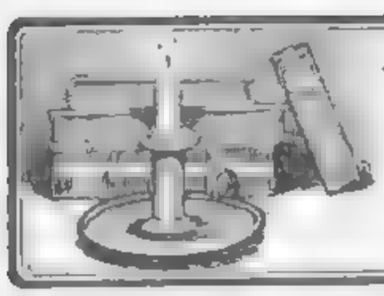

WHAT to READ

A Glint of the Mirror*

SNAPPY is the one word by which to characterize William Archer's "America To-Day." This is a notable book in many respects, but principally because it sets a new pace for the British writer giving his impressions of America. Previous performances in this line have too generally been characterized by a weighty obtuseness, a ponderous incapacity to understand the spirit of America and her institutions, a perverse inability to get a true perspective of things American, a lack of subtle discrimination in striking a balance between the important and the trivial in analyzing the national life of the United States. Mr. Archer's clever and unpretending study of America is in striking contrast to these precedents. The reader is inclined to put down this book with the exclamation: "Thank Heaven for one Britisher who understands the spirit of America!" Still better, he might add, "and appreciates American humor as keenly as the most whimsical Yankee.

This ability to grasp the subtleties of our humor without diagram or explanation is enough to endear the celebrated British journalist to the heart of this people for all time. More than this, Mr. Archer gives striking testimony to the fact that he has himself been infected with the spirit of American humor, for his pages scintillate with flashes of wit which bear as little resemblance to the ponderous humor of Punch as does the chain lightning to a premeditated display of phosphorescent illumination.

It is not to be inferred, however, that the book is deficient in serious value. On the contrary, it is doubtful if a more discerning analysis of the relations between the North and South and between England and America has been put forth in the last decade. His treatment of the former phase of our national life is so fresh and discriminating that it is difficult to avoid the conviction that Mr. Archer's conclusions could scarcely have been arrived at from any other view-point than his own—that of a keen, sympathetic and democratic foreigner. The author's attitude on this subject is tersely suggested by this paragraph:

> "The cause of the South was the cause of small against large political aggregations, and the world regards the defeat of the South as righteous and inevitable because instinct tells us that the welfare of humanity is to be sought in large political aggregations, and not in small. Providence, in a word, is on the side of the big (moral) battalions."

His utterances upon the "burning topic of the misgovernment of American cities" are refreshingly novel and candid. What other British writer has had the generosity to admit that "altogether, Tammany or no Tammany, New York cannot possibly be described as an ill-governed city. Its government may be wasteful, or worse; inefficient it is not. Even the policemen seem to be maligned. I never found them rude or needlessly dictatorial." Every city visited by Mr. Archer is picturesquely characterized—New York as "the peerless emerald on the finger of Manhattan"; Chicago as "the young giant among the cities of the earth, . . . embracing in its unimaginable amplitude every extreme of splendor, . . . on a cloudy afternoon a fuliginous city of Dis, piled up by superhuman and sinister powers; a city which suggests that antique conception of the under world which placed Elysium and Tartarus not only on the same plane, but, so to speak, around the corner from each other."

—*Forrest Crissey.*

The Confederacy's Great Cavalryman†

WHILE Grant was cutting and selling cord wood, and Sherman was teaching school, there was a man in Memphis who was having no preparation whatever for war, and yet who was destined to make no end of trouble for those able soldiers. This was General N. B. Forrest, whose life by Dr. J. A. Wyeth has recently been issued. Forrest was an uneducated man and belonged to that proscribed class in the South known as "poor whites." Moreover, he was still further handicapped in any effort to stand on an equality with men of position by having been a slave trader. But by native force and by a genius for action this unlettered man became the most successful cavalry leader in the South.

He enlisted as a private, but before he really went into action had been made a Lieutenant Colonel. In this capacity he proved that he could move men through the country with a celerity most remarkable. He knew nothing whatever about the principles of war, and probably never read a book on the subject in his life. It is unlikely, indeed, that he ever read many books of any kind. He was essentially a man of action, and for more than three and a half years he kept the Federal commanders guessing as to where he was and what he was going to do next.

Toward the close of the war Forrest's wonderful capacity was appreciated in Richmond, and he was made a Lieutenant-General and put in command of all the cavalry west of the Mississippi. It was too late, however, for him to do much. Hood's army had been all but destroyed before Nashville, Sherman was marching through Georgia, and General James H. Wilson was after Forrest with the strongest cavalry command ever placed in the saddle. He defeated Forrest at Selma—the first time, by the way, Forrest had ever been completely beaten—and shortly afterward the war ended.

—*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

A Chicago Æsop*

WHAT is the use of our teaching our children not to use slang when Mr. George Ade's Fables in Slang is in its nineteenth thousand? It is inevitable that the book will fall into the hands of many children, and although the major part of it will be Greek to them, they will pick up one or two phrases that they had not already learned.

To tell the truth, the chief claim of the book for recognition is not in its picturesque choice of slang—there is an anonymous writer on a New York paper who could give Mr. Ade half his assortment of the wildest and most metaphorical slang and not become impoverished. The fables have charm because they are really fables and because they have a robust American humor. They are brimful of philosophy and they go right to the bottom of things. There's a whole volume of wisdom in the moral to the fable of The Good Fairy: "In uplifting, get underneath." Too many moral reformers use grappling irons.

There was never a great humorist from Artemus Ward down to Mark Twain whose claim to the title was not scoffed at by many persons who would indignantly deny that they were lacking in the humorous sense themselves. In fact, no humorist was ever a humorist to every one; but Mr. George Ade will disrupt nine families out of ten through connubial quarrels, for he is preeminently a man's humorist.

The fond mother who has labored with little Claude for a twelvemonth to wean him from the use of slang is not going to laugh over the fables unless her sense of humor is keener than her sense of duty. But her husband, who has rubbed around in the world with his lids apart, and who has had more or less familiar dealings with drummers, variety actors, fakes and Bohemians, will be apt to laugh out loud when he reads these keen, cutting, but thoroughly good-humored stabs at current foibles.

If your sense of humor is in good working order read the fables, but if you wish to wean Claude or Clement from the inordinate use of slang, lend the book to a childless neighbor as soon as you have finished it.

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

*America To-Day: Observations and Reflections. By William Archer. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

†Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By Dr. John A. Wyeth. *Harper & Brothers.*

*Fables in Slang. By George Ade. *H. S. Stone & Co.*

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The Last of the Irish Pharaohs

IN THE British House of Commons is an Irish member who is known as the "Last of the Irish Pharaohs." This extraordinary title arose in this way: On account of the discoveries made by Professor Flinders Petrie, the Oriental scholar, a clever compiler made a list of all the personages not found in standard works of reference, beginning with Osiris and running down to the Kings of Nubia. The title of the work was somewhat misleading, and this, in turn, was made more vague when it was reprinted in a trade circular as a "List of Kings and Important Historical Personages Not Heretofore Published." The last phrase caught the eye of the Irish M. P. and he said to a friend: "There's a book I must get. I have long wanted to find out which one of my ancestors was a King of Leinster before the time of Christ, and here's the book that will tell me."

Doctor Petrie and the compiler were much amused when they heard the story, but they lost the sale of a book.

Forced to Fame by Palmistry

THAT many clever authors have a touch of the superstitious is shown in the case of Robert Smythe Hichens, whose father is the Rev. F. H. Hichens, Rector of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, England. Mr. Hichens believes in palmistry. He was made famous in America by The Green Carnation. Mr. Hichens, in discussing his favorite superstition, lately said:

"I know a palmist who has told me as much about myself as I know myself, and more than I care to have anybody else know. Yes, I must say I have a leaning toward the science of palmistry. The man I speak of told me the exact condition of my health, all about my ambition and my trouble in choosing a career. He told me when and how I should lose money, when I should marry, and when I should be successful, and, from what he told me of my past life, it can only follow that I shall do the thing he said I would do when the time comes."

Mr. Palmer Cox Plays a Star Part

PALMER COX, the famous originator of the Brownies, was a juror in a case before the Supreme Court in New York recently. The daily press made more of the silent part Mr. Cox played in the affair than they did of any of the other participants. The result was that after two days of pictorial reports upon the case, the court-room and its surroundings were so thronged with admiring children, anxious to see the creator of the Brownies, that the officers had difficulty in assigning seats to the lawyers and witnesses.

A Japanese View of Our Pioneer Women

LOCAL conditions often make two-thirds of the interest of a plot or story. The chief feature of The Choir Invisible, by James Lane Allen, is the heroic nature of the American woman pioneer. She tilled the field and often built the blockhouse. She fought the wolf and the Indian. To Americans, no explanation is necessary in respect to these wonderful historical characters. Such, however, is not the case with foreigners. Recently The Choir Invisible was translated into Japanese. Among the first to read the book was a distinguished historian of Osaka, who said in conversation with an American diplomat:

"It is a rather good picture of farm life."

The diplomat replied: "I think it is more than that. It takes great courage for a woman to be a pioneer and lead that kind of a life."

The Japanese scholar nodded benignly as he answered: "That may be so with some of your women, but it is not so with ours. They always work in the fields and do it as a matter of instinct."

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THE TROUBLES OF MARTIN COY

(Continued from Page 886)

could I be with such a child as this to give away to the first young lover that asks for her?"

Now, you will say that this is taking you away from Martin Coy and his troubles. On the contrary, it is carrying us straight to the project which Captain McCarthy had devised. For the wedding of Nora and young Flournoy was made the occasion of a device to draw Martin Coy out of his shell and to convince him that some things are true as well as others, as Mr. Nicklin would say.

It was decided by the young people that the wedding should take place within two months at least, the particular day to conform, of course, to Nora's arrangements. Now, when a girl decides to get married there's a great question of gowns, robes and what-nots—a question of interminable and unending details; for the discussions started then may rest a while, but you may be sure they will be carried safely over to the next generation, when the girl who was in such a flurry over her own outfit will be every bit as nervous over that of her daughter.

Meantime Captain McCarthy carried on his correspondence with such vigor that he soon made a discovery of great importance, and this was why, the day before the wedding, he drove to the railroad station a few miles away and returned with a stranger. This done, the Captain sought out Martin Coy and insisted on seeing him face to face.

"I like you well enough," said Martin, "but I don't want to see you."

"I want to see you and talk to you for your own sake," the Captain insisted.

"My sake ain't so much of a sake as to worry you, I hope," remarked Martin Coy.

"We'll never get to Heaven if our neighbors' troubles don't worry us," suggested the Captain. "I want to see you for Nora's sake."

Now, Nora had taken a very great interest in the troubles of Martin Coy. She had gone over and talked to him through his closed door, and, only a day or two previous to the Captain's visit, had sung and played on the harp for Martin. Being in a romantic mood herself, owing to circumstances, the songs she had chosen were Irish ballads, and the quality of her voice, which was rich and sweet, and the heart-breaking character of the melodies were sufficient to bring tears to Martin Coy's eyes for the first time in many years. She heard him sobbing when her songs were ended, and she slipped away without saying a word. So when Captain McCarthy said "for Nora's sake," he put a new face on the matter.

"She's a mighty fine girl, I reckon," remarked Martin Coy. "She came over and sung for me the other day, and who else in all the world would 'a' done that?"

"It's Nora's way," said the Captain gently. He had a marvelous touch of sympathy in his voice when he chose to employ it. "It's the child's way. When she came home she was crying."

Martin Coy made no reply to this, but after a while the key turned in the lock and the door opened. "Come in and I'll strike a match," he said. This done, a candle was soon lighted, and Martin Coy turned inquiring eyes on the face of the man who had insisted on seeing him. He was surprised to find that the look which Captain McCarthy fixed on him was not one of curiosity.

"I was not especially anxious to see your face," explained the Captain. "I wanted you to see mine, so that you could judge for yourself whether I am likely to make an idle or a foolish request of a man who for so many years has had sorrow for a bedfellow."

The features of Captain McCarthy could be stern enough when the necessity arose, but they were softened now and illuminated by a friendly light in his eyes. The most ignorant human being in the world would have had no difficulty in trusting that face, to which fixed principles and an invincible desire to follow the right on all occasions, and at all hazards, had given a certain air of nobility.

"The request I want to make is that you will come to Nora's wedding."

Martin Coy frowned, and threw up both hands with a querulous exclamation: "Now, Cap, you know I can't do that. Oh, why do you pester me that-a-way?"

"The ceremony will take place at night," remarked McCarthy; "to-morrow night."

"But everything'll be all lit up; folks could see me a mile in that light. No, Cap, I wish the child mighty well; that's enough; I don't want to bring no judgment down on her head. They say she's purty as a pink; I'd give her bad luck the balance of her days. Look at me! Oh, Lord! look at me!"

"You will sit in a dark room, and you will be seen only by those you desire to see." Martin Coy rubbed his hands together as though washing them. "And Nora has set her heart on it. She says she won't be as happy as she wants to be if you fail to come."

"Did she say that?" Martin Coy's voice broke and grew husky.

"She said a great deal more than that," replied Captain McCarthy. "She said she couldn't bear to be happy, knowing that you were sitting here lonely and unhappy."

"Lord, Lord!" cried Martin Coy, covering his face with both hands. "Has she allers been like that?" he asked after a while.

"Ever since she was a little slip of a girl," said Captain McCarthy.

Martin Coy walked up and down the room for some time. Then he paused. "Will you come after me?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the other; "with the greatest pleasure in the world. And I'll say this"—Captain McCarthy's eyes were speaking now—"when you return home from Nora's wedding, you'll never walk in the darkness any more; you'll never hide from the light of the sun any more."

"You reckon not?" asked Coy eagerly.

"You'll see, my friend."

When Captain McCarthy went downstairs Mrs. Coy was waiting for him. What had happened, and how did he manage to get in the room? To her mind, the explanation didn't explain, and when she learned that her husband had promised to attend Nora's wedding, she vowed that wonders would never cease, though this was the greatest wonder of all.

Martin Coy went to the wedding. The library had no light in it, and the door looking out into the parlor had a strip of white ribbon tied across it, and this kept all intruders out. The house was filled with a goodly company of men and women, boys and girls, and there was a great mixture of music and laughter, rustling dresses, fluttering fans, and the incessant chatter proper to a festal occasion. Martin Coy feasted his eyes and ears on it all. He felt elated without knowing why. He paid no attention when the door leading upon the veranda opened and some one came in and took a seat not far from him. He heard nothing until Captain McCarthy came in by the same door and closed it with something like a bang.

Then Martin Coy turned and saw some one sitting near him. His eyes by long use had become habituated to the darkness. He arose and shrank away with a smothered groan. He stumbled and would have fallen but for the strong arm of Captain McCarthy.

"I know'd! I know'd it! It's a judgment! Do you see anything in that cheer there?"

"Why, certainly," replied the Captain. "I see Captain Harvey Coy, of Missouri."

"Why, Harvey Coy's as dead as a door-nail; I killed him myself," said Martin, shaking all over.

"Just feel of me, Martin, and see if I'm dead," exclaimed Harvey.

"Oh, why didn't you come before, or write?" Martin asked petulantly.

"After I got well, I hated everybody in the South," replied Harvey, "and after I got over my spell of hating, I didn't know how you people would treat a man who had fought on the other side."

Captain McCarthy slipped out and left them, and when he came back an hour after to warn them that the ceremony was about to begin, he found Martin laughing and telling his brother some incident of his childhood.

After the wedding was over, and the congratulations had been said, and Nora and her husband had been whirled away in a carriage to catch the midnight train, Captain McCarthy slapped Martin Coy on the shoulder and said in a bantering tone:

"Well, what do you think of Nora?"

"Don't ask me to talk about her, Cap. I git a ketch in the throat every time I think about her. Ef Frank Flournoy don't treat her right they'll be murder done in this neighborhood, as certain as the world."

This topic was new to Captain McCarthy. He half closed his eyes, pursed his lips, rocked backward and forward on his feet, and then said sharply, "We'll shake hands on that, Martin."

But, really, the suggestion was the last remnant of Martin Coy's disordered fancy as it melted away. Nora Flournoy had, and still has, as much happiness as ever fell to the lot of woman in this world, and she earned it by making others happy. And Martin Coy was happy, too, to the day of his death. To the last he insisted that folks never could know what real happiness is until, to employ his phrase, "they had had a whole passel of trouble."

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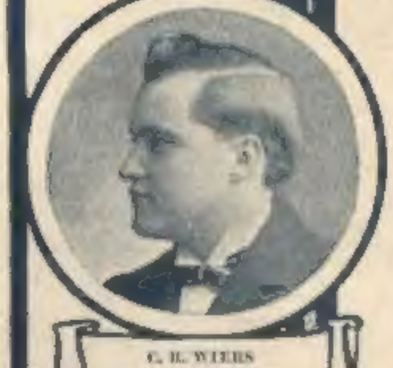

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